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THE INDIAN COTTON DUTIES.

WHEN Lord LYTTON made up his mind, or had his mind made up for him by positive commands from home, to repeal the duties on the coarser kind of cotton goods imported into India, he had only got to announce to his Council what his decision was, and the thing was done. Directly a Viceroy chooses to say that any abolition of duties touches the interests of British India he can abolish them by a stroke of his pen. His Council cannot stop him; and all that they can do is to protest, and to record their protests. It is a feeble amount of power for a Council to possess, but it is not wholly worthless. It is some consolation to men of lifelong Indian experience if they are allowed, when a Viceroy makes what they think a very grave mistake, to publish free, unsparing, closely reasoned denunciations of his act. This is what the overruled majority of the VICEROY'S Council have done with regard to the abolition of the cotton duties. The framers of these protests smite the VICEROY, or his masters, hip and thigh. They have a very good case, and they make the most of it. They take the abolition in itself; they take it as part of the general financial scheme of India; they look at it in regard to the past, and in regard to the future. They show its bad effect in England, and its still worse effect in India. But it cannot be said that their language is at all too strong. Lord LYTTON—with the sanction, and possibly by the direction, of the Home authorities—has done a very rash thing, and a thing which is very cruel to India, and forms a very bad precedent for future acts of administration. What has been done is a complete departure from the policy laid down by Lord SALISBURY and sanctioned by a resolution of the House of Commons. This policy was to the effect that the cotton duties should be remitted when the financial position of India would make the loss of revenue of little importance. The condition antecedent to the remission was that there should be a substantial surplus. If the Indian Government had got more money than it needed, then, and not until then, it would forego the cotton duties. Those who were demanding the remission were told that they might have a first charge on a surplus, but that they certainly should have nothing more. What especially vexes and saddens the protesting Councillors is that the remission of duties should have been forced on India at a moment when everything presents a painful contrast to the state of things contemplated by Lord SALISBURY. There is no surplus, or approach to a surplus. On the contrary, there is a very ugly deficit. And not only is there a deficit, but there is a deficit after solemn promises held out to the people of India have been broken, and money raised for one purpose has been applied to another. Last year the people of India were subjected to a new taxation vexatious in character and hitting hard very poor people. But they were told that they must bear this because the money was to be devoted—religiously kept apart was the Government phrase—to the sacred purpose of providing an insurance against famine. It was vowed that the proceeds of the tax should never be mixed up with the general revenue, but should be exclusively reserved for the one purpose of saving human life. The vows of the Indian Government are like the vows of lovers. They have got the money they wanted, and now they

laugh their promises to the wind. The proceeds of the famine taxes are already merged in the general revenue, and provision for famine is in abeyance.

If anything could make the VICEROY'S act worse, it is the excuses he makes for it. He does not deny that Indian finance is in a muddle, that the famine fund has been swallowed up, that the people are taxed to the last farthing they can pay. On the contrary, he admits all this, but then he urges that the embarrassment of India is so great, the deficit so alarming, the resources of the country so mortgaged, that the loss of a trifle like 200,000*l.* a year cannot really make things worse. He is like an insolvent who determines boldly to dine at Greenwich the night before he files his petition. We might fancy we were in Egypt, and that Lord LYTTON was an Effendi, when we hear language of this kind. The Presidents of the Spanish Republics will love him as a newly-found brother. He talks as they have been talking for years. They may hang up his statement over their beds, and declare that "those are their sentiments." India is so embarrassed and indebted that a little more embarrassment, a little more debt, is of no consequence. But this is only Lord LYTTON'S first excuse for the remission. His second is that it is most desirable to do away with a cause of irritation in the English people against India. Who are the English people who feel this irritation? They are people who know nothing and care nothing about India. To them it is a matter of utter indifference if Indian finance is in complete confusion, Indian taxpayers distracted, and solemn promises as to the destination of taxes broken. They are animated by only one desire, the laudable desire to sell their goods. The protesting Councillors do not mince matters when they report the impression which they find universally prevalent in India, that these irritated people might have gone on being irritated as much as they pleased, only that it happened fortunately for them that they had votes for Lancashire constituencies, and that the Government was willing to do anything to please them in view of the coming elections. Something of the kind may possibly have entered into the thoughts of some of those who advise or form the Government. But there are many members of the Cabinet who are too honourable to practise a mere electioneering trick at the expense of the millions in India who are helpless to protect themselves. It is more probable that the Government was moved with the thought of the prevailing distress in Lancashire, and caught at anything that seemed likely to mitigate it. They may, too, have considered that their party ought to show the zeal of converts, and be furious above all parties in the promotion of Free-trade. But, in reality, Free-trade has scarcely anything to do with the question. The cotton duties are imposed in India for revenue purposes, and it so happens that they contribute to the revenue in a special way. We keep the peace both in our own and in native States, but the native States pay scarcely anything towards the expense. They buy very little from us, but among the few things they buy are cotton goods; and, so far as they pay the duties on them, they make a contribution to the cost of maintaining order in India generally. To some slight extent these duties have a protective effect. Lord LYTTON a short time ago pronounced his opinion to be that this protective

effect, if it existed, was exceedingly slight; and within the last few months Lord CRANBROOK expressed a doubt whether there was any protection at all. Even if there is a protective effect, however slight and however problematical, the cotton duties do not properly stand first in the list of taxes that ought to be abolished. The export duty on rice is, from a free-trade point of view, a far worse tax than the tax on cotton goods.

Supposing a party of Free-traders were talking together, and the subject was started whether it would be theoretically best to abolish the Indian cotton duties or the export duty on rice, they would all of one accord pronounce that the export duty on rice ought to be the first to go. Why, then, does the Government think much of the cotton duties and nothing of the rice duty? The answer, it is to be feared, is simply that the people who suffer from the cotton duties can get at the Government, and the people who suffer from the rice duty cannot. The people who suffer from the rice duty are poor cultivators, humble, unknown, dark creatures, who live in swampy places in the remote East. They might as well be in the moon for any pressure they can bring to bear on the Government. There is no one to force on the notice of the Government the wants, the miseries, and the interests of the people of India. Under the old system of Indian government, there was a body which in a rough and imperfect manner answered the purpose of a sort of buffer between the people of India and the English Government. The Court of Directors was composed of persons who had at least much experience of Indian affairs and Indian commerce, and it had real power. If it did some mischief, it did much good; and it could not be ignored. When the Court of Directors was done away with, an endeavour was made to find a substitute for the Court; and it was supposed that an effective substitute had been secured by the creation of a Council, partly attached to the Secretary of State, and partly attached to the Viceroy. The expedient has proved a total failure. The Council is useful when its head is doubtful as to what to do or think, or is simply anxious to learn. When he takes anything into his head the Council is entirely ignored. The VICEROY told his Council that discussion about the cotton duties was useless, as he was going to overrule the majority if against him; and Lord CRANBROOK did not even pay his Council the idle compliment of pretending to consult it when he sanctioned what Lord LYTON had done. There is of course an appeal to Parliament; but, as the *Times* has kindly pointed out to Mr. FAWCETT, who complains that by Parliamentary arrangements he is prevented from attacking the Government directly on the incidents of its Indian financial administration, these arrangements save him from a certain defeat. This is quite true. Whether the Government proposes to abolish or to double the Indian cotton duties, whether it plunges India into further debt to the extent of two millions or twenty, it will be equally supported by a strict party vote. The Government of the day can do with India whatever it pleases; and the best hope for India lies in the publicity and frequency of serious discussion on Indian affairs, by which the consciences of those classes from which Governments in England are drawn may be enlightened, their courage fortified, and their sense of responsibility deepened.

#### MR. DILLWYN ON PERSONAL GOVERNMENT.

ALTHOUGH Sir ROBERT PEEL and Major NOLAN succeeded in adjourning the debate on Mr. DILLWYN's motion, the division on the question of adjournment sufficiently expressed the opinion of the House of Commons. Mr. DILLWYN has more than once imposed upon himself thankless duties from which more timid members of his party shrunk. A year ago he undertook to inflict personal annoyance on a veteran member who had irritated his former political associates by often voting and speaking for the Government. For a year past Mr. DILLWYN has probably found many sympathizers with his jealousy of the mysterious evil or danger which is called personal government; and with his usual courage he determined once more to bell the cat. A notice of motion, personally directed against the Sovereign, embodied in a tangible form much miscellaneous scandal and gossip. Mr. DILLWYN may have felt reason-

able surprise when he heard that few of his friends were disposed to pledge themselves before the House and the country to the vague nonsense which had furnished a zest to private conversation. Mr. FAWCETT, a Liberal not less earnest than Mr. DILLWYN, unkindly placed on the paper an amendment to the effect that there was no evidence whatever of an interference by the Crown with the proper functions of the Ministers. As if to bring the absurdity of Mr. DILLWYN's motion to a crucial test, Mr. JENKINS himself thought it better to convert an attack on the QUEEN into a censure on the Government; and Mr. DILLWYN at the last moment consented to a change which involved a confession of a fundamental error in the original proposal. He forgot in his hurry that there was no pretext for a denunciation at the present moment of a policy which has been repeatedly condoned or approved by the House of Commons. There is no precedent for a vote of censure proposed and discussed within twenty-four hours; and it was an additional objection that the resolution had not been concerted with the leaders of the party. Mr. DILLWYN might have foreseen that almost every section of the House would refuse to share the responsibility of a complex blunder.

If Mr. DILLWYN incurred some ridicule by the withdrawal of his rash challenge, he only followed the example of many hasty and inconsistent Liberals. A little more than a year ago a provincial journalist achieved the triumph of providing angry partisans with a convenient watchword. Mr. DUNCLEY, in his well-known pamphlet, undertook to show that the Cabinet had succumbed to the unconstitutional influence of the Crown. His attack was directed against the Ministers, as far as they were charged with culpable weakness; but its principal object was the QUEEN; and the superficial excitement which the publication produced was due exclusively to the novel boldness of exposing to popular odium a personage who had been by common consent, as well as by constitutional right, hitherto exempt from the harshnesses of political controversy. The pamphlet would not have found a score of readers if it had only repeated for the hundredth time the accusations which have again and again been preferred against Lord BEACONSFIELD. The personal conduct of the Sovereign was a more attractive subject. Mr. THEODORE MARTIN's excellent biography of the PRINCE CONSORT furnished occasion and material for the new appeal to popular prejudice. Because the PRINCE had, in the discharge of a plain duty, placed his knowledge and ability at the service of his adopted country during the Crimean war, it was stated, or insinuated, that the QUEEN was in some indefinite way responsible for the hostile feelings which last year existed between England and Russia. The anti-Turkish party swelled the cry of personal government, not with any relaxation of its animosity to Lord BEACONSFIELD, but in the hope that the Eastern policy of the Government might be rendered more unpopular when it was attributed to the intervention of the Sovereign.

In political as in general literature it is easy to produce a sensation by dealing with topics from which more scrupulous writers abstain, but the effect of Mr. DUNCLEY's experiment on public taste was only temporary. The higher class of Liberals, through good feeling as well as from motives of prudence, were unwilling to provoke a wanton rupture with the Court, nor could they fail to see that for every measure which had been taken by the Government the Ministers were really as well as nominally responsible. Their predecessors, and a few among themselves who had survived from a former generation, had heartily approved the acts and writings of the PRINCE CONSORT which had been cited in proof of the imputations on the QUEEN. Accordingly they explained away their early professions of sympathy with the Manchester pamphleteer, and though some of them continued to use the invidious phrase of personal government, they were careful to explain that the person to whom they referred was not the QUEEN but her Minister. As the Constitution requires that the powers of Government should be executed by the Ministers, and especially by their chief, the charge, at the same time that it ceased to offend loyal feeling, became wholly unmeaning. The confusion which was caused by the change in the application of the term still sometimes reappears. One or more of the speakers in the debate of Monday lugubriously foretold the destruction of constitutional liberty when a bad Minister should be steadily supported by a perverse House of Commons. It is true that, if the guardians of liberty are false to their trust,



painful consequences may follow; but it has been generally thought that freedom consisted in the power of selecting its own protectors. At the worst the tyranny of the Government and of Parliament is subject to breaks at every dissolution; but perhaps the prophets of evil fear that the constituencies will join with their representatives in the general conspiracy. For such misfortunes it may be admitted that it would be difficult to provide a remedy.

Mr. COURTNEY was surprised that one of his remarks, which, it seems, was intended for a joke, should be seriously noticed; but the anachronism of his jealousy of the Crown was so ludicrously consistent that members might be excused for failing to discriminate between jest and earnest. It almost seemed possible that a patriot who dreaded a return of the days of BUTE and GRENVILLE might be alarmed when he saw a member of the Government taking notes as if with the purpose of betraying the secrets of the House. The crime of communicating to the Court a report of the debates, which might be read in full in next morning's *Times*, was almost as atrocious as any of the acts which Mr. COURTNEY gravely condemned. He had studied with care the memoirs and the speeches of a hundred years ago, with the result of attaining a conviction that the Crown might once more at its caprice upset Ministries and control Parliament. The power of GEORGE III. was absurdly exaggerated by the Whigs of his time, and by political writers who have repeated their allegations; but it was true that he possessed both considerable power and the will to use it. In his time the KING was the largest borough-owner, and he had also large funds at his command, which were sometimes used for questionable purposes. Since the first Reform Bill the Crown returns no member to the House of Commons; and before that time Royal corruption had long become obsolete. Mr. COURTNEY seems to have saturated himself with the invectives of FOX, who frequently applied to the KING the formula by which DANTE expresses omnipotence—"Those whose power is co-extensive with 'will'"; yet at that time his great rival had quietly accomplished the transfer of substantial power from the King to the Minister. A dispassionate estimate of the KING's position could scarcely be expected from a statesman who, when a French invasion was impending, professed his inability to understand why he should prefer the despotism of GEORGE III. to the despotism of BONAPARTE. Mr. COURTNEY was so far bolder than Mr. DILLWYN that he spoke in support of the original motion. It is strange that an able and well-informed man should blind himself so arbitrarily and so unnecessarily to the real working of the modern Constitution. Perhaps neither the mover nor the seconder anticipated the contemptuous rebuke which they received from Mr. GLADSTONE. A Minister who had long conducted the Government in the name, and with the loyal support, of the QUEEN, could scarcely join in the attacks which are directed against the same constitutional practice in the case of his successor. Mr. GLADSTONE's utter disapproval of the whole policy of the present Government perhaps confirmed his determination to hold the Ministers absolutely responsible for their conduct. At the same time, he was not inclined suddenly to ask the House of Commons to censure proceedings which it had again and again deliberately ratified. The debate may perhaps put an end to prattle about personal government.

#### THE IRISH UNIVERSITY BILL.

THE O'CONNOR DON introduced his Bill for a new Irish University in a speech of studied moderation. He was most anxious to avoid offending any one. He threw himself on the mercy of the House and the Government, and acknowledged that it was ludicrous in a private member to pretend to carry such a Bill unless the Government would give him very active support; and Parliament was so captivated by the principles on which his scheme is based as to accept them with little or no discussion. He did not even attempt to claim any extraordinary merit for his measure. It was the best which he and a few friends could think of or agree upon; but it might need considerable alteration in details, and, after all, he could not affect to think it would be a complete measure. It is impossible, at present, to pronounce any opinion on the scheme proposed, for very much depends on the details, and the details cannot

be appreciated until they are made known. When the Bill is printed and its clauses examined, it may prove to be one that had better be at once rejected, or one that successfully solves admitted problems, or one that has its good points and its bad points, and needs too much licking into shape to get through this Session. For the present nothing can be done except to travel over the chief heads of The O'CONNOR DON's statements; but, before doing this, it may be worth while to notice the circumstances in which the Bill is introduced. These circumstances are in some ways favourable to the Bill, and in other ways unfavourable to it. It is in its favour that both political parties have tried their hands at Irish University education, and have failed to devise anything that would at once suit Parliament and Ireland; both parties wish to be rid of the subject; and both parties would be glad to get rid of it by accepting, if possible, the proposal of an outsider and an Irishman. It is also in favour of the Bill that it is ostensibly framed on the lines of an Irish education measure adopted last year with general concurrence. But the circumstances telling against the Bill are quite as strong as those telling for it. It is the work of a small knot of Irish members, and its proposer himself tells us it is a compromise. If it is merely regarded as a compromise in this friendly circle, it may not be attractive to the Irish people, and, what is more important, to the Irish ecclesiastical authorities. It is not a measure which the Irish bishops approve, but merely a measure of which it is hoped they may approve. So far, it is exactly on a footing with Mr. GLADSTONE's unfortunate measure; and the hostility which proved fatal to the measure of a strong Government may prove fatal to the measure of half a dozen private members. But much the greatest objection to it, apart from any objection founded on its provisions, is that it is openly offered as a Home Rule bargain. The Home Rulers plainly tell the Government and the House that, if this Bill is spared criticism and ensured a hearty support, they will not give any trouble as to other measures. In the language of The O'CONNOR DON, they will "waive the 'discussion of other important matters.'" Such, for example, as the Irish Dog-tax Bill, to which Irish ingenuity has devised twelve amendments. Mr. PARNELL, speaking on the same day at Finsbury, was even more explicit. He owned that concessions were being made to the Irish party; but he avowed that he was not in the least thankful for them. They were not made for love; and he intimated that with the end of the educational difficulty concession would probably come to an end, and then would be the time to exercise real pressure on the Government. Peace for a Session, and then war to the knife, are the terms offered by the Home Rulers to Parliament on condition that their pet Bill is carried. These terms are certainly not such as to conciliate Parliament and gain support for the Bill.

But whether the Irish bishops like the Bill or not, and although its acceptance is proposed as a bargain very humiliating to the Government and Parliament, Englishmen will be perfectly ready to study its provisions, think only of justice, and pronounce impartially on its merits. So far as can be gathered from The O'CONNOR DON's statement, the outlines of the Bill are these. In the first place, there is to be a new Irish University, which, it is suggested, should be called the University of St. Patrick. It is only after much hesitation and an attentive calculation of what is possible or impossible that the authors of the Bill describe themselves as having arrived at the conclusion that the creation of a new University was indispensable. The failure of Mr. BURR's attempt to remodel the University of Dublin warned them against expending their energies in a vain direction. It also appeared to them that it was equally hopeless to try to remodel the Queen's Universities. For the Governing Body of those Universities is in a large degree an elective one, and either the rights of the present electors must be taken away, or, for years to come, the control of the remodelled Universities would rest in hands which do not command the confidence of the authors of the Bill. So there must be a new University, although a new University is in itself, as The O'CONNOR DON admitted, a great evil. He reiterated and adopted the language of Mr. GLADSTONE, who, in proposing his Bill, described the position of a new University "hobbling and lagging behind." The O'CONNOR DON acknowledged this. The new colleges will be lame and halting, and their deficiencies will be

all the more apparent because they will be brought together in the same University. However, as there must be a new University, the Bill proceeds to constitute it. There is to be a Governing Body, or Senate, composed of twenty-four members. To begin with, all these members are to be named in the Bill; and so great is the trust reposed in the Duke of MARLBOROUGH, that The O'CONOR DON would have no objection to the LORD-LIEUTENANT suggesting every name. In the course of time, when the graduates of the University attain a fixed number, the Senate is to be made partially elective. In the University there are to be four faculties—Arts, Medicine, Law, and Engineering. The complete course of study is to last for four years, the degree of Bachelor being attainable at the end of the third year, and that of Master at the end of the fourth; while there would be examinations at the end of the first and the end of the second year; so that, with the matriculation examination, students would be examined five times, and would be, it is hoped, kept constantly and closely at work. The main function of the University is, therefore, to be that of an institution for examining; but, then, it is not to examine everybody on quite the same terms. It will give its degrees to all comers who can pass; but it will only give its money rewards to those who come from affiliated colleges. Any person, without reference to creed, may start an affiliated college, and an affiliated college is defined to mean an institution, not being a college of an existing University, not being a school, and not having less than twenty students going through the prescribed course.

This, then, is the basis of the proposal—an examining University ready to examine every one, but also having money to give away, and giving its money irrespective of creed, but only to affiliated colleges, and to persons coming from affiliated colleges. The money is to be got by appropriating a capital sum of a million and a half from the Irish Church fund. The annual income will be divided between those who are successful in examinations and the institutions which can claim the honour of having reared them. There are to be exhibitions for proficient in the matriculation examinations and exhibitions or scholarships for proficient in the examinations to be held at the end of the first and second years respectively. And then there are to be fellowships tenable for five years, but to be held on the condition that the Fellow, unless specially exempted by the Senate, is to reside and teach in some affiliated college. There are to be twenty fellowships held at the same time, four becoming vacant every year; and thus there would be twenty men of learning and ability with adequate revenues engaged in maintaining the standard of high education at the affiliated colleges. So much for the students. We then come to the bodies to which they belong. The affiliated colleges are to be helped to exist; but then they are only to be paid by results. Payments are to be made to them, so much for each student who simply passes in each examination, and so much more for every student who passes with honours. In addition the Senate is to pay the salaries of the ordinary teachers on secular subjects at the affiliated colleges, so that the affiliated colleges will start with its share of the distinguished Fellows as teachers, a staff of teachers on secular subjects less distinguished, but still competent, and a sum of about 60*l.* a head for every student who works fairly well. It will apparently have nothing to provide for itself except its buildings and its religious instructors. Over the affiliated colleges the Senate will exercise no control, except that which is involved in only paying money according to the results of examinations. The college is merely an institution to which parents like to send their sons, and may be equally established by Jesuits or Sandemanians. Parents will be able to send ordinary boys to a college almost free of expense, and clever boys at a little profit to the family. If they think that these inducements are sufficiently tempting to outweigh whatever objection they may have to a University education for their sons, they will then decide according to their tastes what affiliated college they will select. The one they choose will offer the shade of faith they profess; but any will place their boy in the atmosphere of examinations. Persons who have risen by examinations will be always preparing him for examination; and he will be constantly reminded that, if he does not pass with credit, he is not

worth his keep. Whether this is a combination that will at once satisfy the claims of the priests and the requirements of sound lay education cannot be pronounced at present; but certainly The O'CONOR DON and his friends have tried to strike out such a combination, and they suggest, with some diffidence, that they have been successful.

#### DEMOCRACY IN VICTORIA.

THE contents of a late Blue-book on the so-called constitutional question in Victoria have probably not been published before; but all the despatches and documents seem familiar to those who have watched the progress of the struggle. The dominant party in the Assembly continues to rely on the numerical strength of its supporters, and the Council publish in vain the most conclusive proofs of the revolutionary policy of their adversaries. Mr. HADDON, who by an informal commission apparently represents in England the opinions of the minority, has published a carefully drawn statement of the whole case as it is regarded by the Council and by the educated classes and owners of property in Victoria. Some of his quotations from speeches made by the Ministers and their adherents could scarcely have appeared in official documents; but they form useful comments on the formal professions of Mr. BERRY and of other democratic leaders. With characteristic good taste the agitators at the very beginning of the controversy used threats against their opponents and the Imperial Government which could, it might have been supposed, only be appropriate as a last resort in immediate prospect of a rupture. Professor PEARSON, who, though not a Minister, was a colleague of Mr. BERRY in his mission to England, referred in one of his speeches to the language used by the promoters of the secession of the American Colonies on the eve of the final rupture. He also announced that his party in the colony were clamouring, not for a reform, but for a revolution which might shake the very foundations of society. Ten or twelve years ago Mr. PEARSON was a resident member of the University of Oxford, justly respected for his ability and learning. It seems that no longer interval is necessary to transfer the patriotism of a cultivated Englishman from his own country to the new community with which he has chosen to identify his fortunes. On another occasion Mr. PEARSON announced impending legislative measures for the subdivision of land and the maintenance of high wages by means of progressive taxation. He asserted, more or less seriously, that he had been denounced as a burglar and a communist in consequence of his economic theories. Only a coarse and rude assailant would call Mr. PEARSON even metaphorically a burglar; but he seems to make no secret of his communistic opinions. Taxes levied exclusively on the rich, to be spent in unnecessary public works for the employment of the sovereign multitude, partake of the most mischievous peculiarities of communism. M. LOUIS BLANC has during thirty years consistently repudiated any share in the establishment of the national workshops of 1848, which seem to furnish Mr. PEARSON with a model. It is true that the distinction between M. LOUIS BLANC's own theories and the application of his doctrines by some of his colleagues is not readily intelligible; but Professor PEARSON appears to approve the schemes against which M. LOUIS BLANC protests.

Sir BRYAN O'LOGHLEN, notwithstanding Sir GEORGE BOWEN's zealous endeavours to conciliate his Ministers, spoke in the Assembly of the deportation of the members of Council beyond the river Murray, and of an invitation to the GOVERNOR to go on board a steamer in the bay. At that time, as at present, Sir BRYAN O'LOGHLEN was Attorney-General, and the GOVERNOR thought himself compelled to take the advice of his law officer on the validity of the acts to which he was, with the other Ministers, a party. Several other Ministers announced their intention to cause a civil war if their demands were not fully conceded. Perhaps they would be less pugnacious if there was any chance of fighting. The English Government will certainly not attempt to retain the colony by force, and the middle classes must submit to oppression and plunder at the hands of the irresistible multitude. The tyrannical instincts of mobs to which demagogues appeal have never been avowed with more cynical frankness than in Victoria. Mr. BERRY's taxes on large landed estates obtained the approval of many democratic theorists in England.



They will perhaps scarcely keep pace with him when he threatens, like Mr. PEARSON, to tax capitalists for the purpose of providing employment for working-men. Mr. BERRY informed a deputation of men out of work that the propertied classes declined to employ them in revenge for their political defeat, and he said that, if their spiteful policy continued, Parliament would have to consider whether higher taxes should not be put on, that employment might be given to working-men. The ruling party in Victoria is performing the part of the drunken helot of democracy. All the despotism, the injustice, and the spoliation which are supposed by reactionary politicians to be the natural results of universal suffrage, flourish in the most democratic of English colonies. Unluckily there is little chance that the omnipotent multitude will be shocked by the exposure of evils resulting from its own supremacy. To guard against its wavering, some of the Ministers have lately, by ingenious devices, disfranchised one or two doubtful constituencies.

Even the revolutionary party in Victoria habitually repeats the true statement that the colonial Constitution was intended to resemble as nearly as possible the actual Constitution of England. The agitators are scarcely yet convinced that, through their efforts, the experiment has wholly failed. A graduated property-tax has not yet been introduced into any European country, and it is diametrically opposed to the financial traditions of England. The House of Lords is after six hundred years still dignified and powerful, while Mr. BERRY and his followers are bent, after a trial of twenty-four years, on depriving their Second Chamber of legislative independence. The English Cabinet makes representations to the Crown as occasion may require in terms of profound deference. The Ministers of Victoria peremptorily reprove the most compliant of Governors if he ventures to express an opinion on any public matter. Mr. DILLWYN and Mr. COURTNEY have not succeeded in inducing the House of Commons to accept the doctrines which prevail in Victoria. Above all, property has hitherto been safe in England; and Parliament is not accustomed to vent its dissatisfaction in threats of civil war. It is not impossible that when Mr. GLADSTONE has established universal suffrage, graduated taxes and other abominations, including protectionist duties, may be established in England; but before that time arrives the present mixed Constitution will have ceased to exist. It has hitherto secured order and freedom through the operation of elements which cannot, as experience shows, be transplanted to a colony. Mr. BRODRICK, in some able letters which he has lately republished in the form of a pamphlet, expresses the opinion that one of the greatest political forces in England is the steady social pressure of the landed aristocracy on all classes of the community. As a Liberal writer, Mr. BRODRICK is perhaps disposed to exaggerate an influence which he deprecates as injurious to the cause of his party; but there is no doubt that, as he says, the social organization of England reacts largely on politics. The landed aristocracy are at the top of the pyramid; but the effect of gradations of ranks through all the layers of the upper and middle classes almost justifies Mr. GLADSTONE's fanciful doctrine that Englishmen love inequality. It might be more accurately said that they acquiesce in inequality of wealth and station and in its natural consequences. In Victoria there was unfortunately, from the first settlement of the colony, a kind of oligarchy of large landowners not superior in refinement or cultivation to the mass of the population. For that or some other reason, the mischievous passion for equality is widely diffused, and laws for the distribution of land and the spoliation of capitalists are popular, not merely because they may seem to benefit the working class, but also as instalments of revenge against the rich. Lord NORMANBY, who has acquired a reputation for judgment and ability in colonial administration, is not to be envied. He will perhaps, like his predecessor, find it convenient to ally himself with the stronger party; but neither as a supporter nor as an opponent of his own Ministers will he be able to exercise substantial power. It is to be regretted that the Council was founded on an electoral basis; but if it consisted of nominees it would be almost equally helpless. The representation of the middle classes has proved a failure because the constituency was inferior in physical force to the electorate which returns the Assembly.

#### THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT AND THE PARIS POLICE.

DURING the last week of the Parliamentary recess the Parisians have enjoyed their customary entertainment. There has been, if not a Ministerial crisis, at least a Ministerial disagreement. M. WADDINGTON has wanted to go one way, and M. LEPÈRE has wanted to go another. The victory has for the present rested with M. LEPÈRE, it being naturally easier, when one of two Ministers has to give way, that the concession should be made by the one who wants to move rather than by the one who wants to stand still. How long a Cabinet in the composition of which identity of opinions seems to have been the last thing thought of will be able to hang together is another question. Some time or other a controversy must arise in which neither side will care to give way, though, considering what the Conservative section of the Ministry has already swallowed, it is exceedingly hard to fix the time when a division of this hopeless kind will reveal itself. It must be supposed that M. WADDINGTON thinks that he can serve his country better by remaining in office than by leaving it, though the process by which he arrives at this conclusion is not obvious to ordinary observers. It is certain that upon several points of great importance which must shortly come before the Chambers the Ministers are not agreed among themselves. It is further certain that the PRIME MINISTER and the section of the Cabinet which the PRIME MINISTER leads are not agreed with the majority in the Chamber of Deputies. Of course, so long as M. WADDINGTON can impose his will on his colleagues and on the Chamber, there is every reason that he should stay where he is. There is no evidence, however, that M. WADDINGTON possesses this power as regards his colleagues; at least it is difficult to believe that he can really approve of M. FERRY's challenge to the Church. M. WADDINGTON is perhaps of opinion that the only way to prevent one Radical measure from being passed is to assent to another. But in governing on this give-and-take principle everything depends on what is given and what is taken. M. WADDINGTON seems unfortunately to have to concede what is really of moment, and to be only allowed in return to keep what matters little. It may fairly be doubted whether the cause of the Conservative Republic will in the end be served by tactics of this kind.

The particular question upon which Ministers have lately been at issue is the nature of the guarantees which the Government should exact from the city of Paris as a condition of bringing back the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies. The balance of argument is decidedly on the side of the particular measure which it was proposed to introduce for this purpose. The police of Paris is at present under the control of the municipality, and M. WADDINGTON desires to see it transferred to the Government. A similar question was discussed some years ago in connexion with the government of London. It was proposed to bring the metropolitan district under a common jurisdiction with the City, and it was maintained by some persons that, in that case, it would be natural and expedient to transfer the control of the metropolitan police from the Secretary of State to the newly-created municipality. It was generally felt, however, that this proposal left out of sight the one characteristic difference between London and any other city. No matter how big Manchester or Leeds may become, the maintenance of order will not be beyond the power of the citizens. The larger the area which has to be protected against violence the greater will be the number of those whose interest it is that it should be protected. As regards London a different consideration comes in. The inducement to disturb public order in a city in which the Legislature is sitting may conceivably be very great. Outside the capital this inducement can have reference only to the money to be gained by robbery or pillage, but inside the capital it may have reference to politics as well. The reward to be gained by a riot at the door of the Chambers is different in kind from that to be gained by a riot at the door of a factory or a bank. It appeals to higher considerations, and consequently attracts a higher class of mind. It is conceivable, therefore, that the police of the capital may need to be strengthened very much beyond the ordinary needs of the capital, and, so long as the police are the servants of the municipality, there is no certain means of securing this. It would be unfair to the ratepayers to ask for an

expenditure altogether out of proportion to their local wants, though perhaps urgently required in the interest of the country at large; and, whether unfair or not, the demand might easily be met with a point-blank refusal. The only way to get over this difficulty is to vest the control of the police in the hands of the Government. They know the risks to which they are exposed, and they can calculate the extent of the precautions it is necessary to take against them. In the case of Paris there is a further reason for settling the question in this way. The municipality of Paris has not always been well affected to the Government of France. That Government cannot therefore rely with any confidence on the services of a police force appointed by, and responsible to, the municipality. The police will naturally obey the orders of their employers, and it is by no means a matter of course that these orders will always be such as the Government itself would give. The result of leaving the control of the police in the hands of the municipality is to make the Government entirely dependent on the army for the preservation of order. The police, instead of being a substitute for troops, becomes an additional force against which the troops may possibly have to be used. This has always been an unfortunate characteristic of French Governments, and nothing could so justify, and consequently so perpetuate, it as to leave the civil power without any means of defence except the army. The only substitute for the army is an effective police, and no police can be effective which is not under the control of the authority with whose defence it is ordinarily entrusted. It is this danger far more than any increased risk of attack on the Chambers that is to be apprehended if the police of Paris remain the servants of the municipality. The Government has had too many warnings, and is too much under the influence of the country, not to take all necessary care that the Chambers are not again superseded by mob violence. But, if the police remain under the control of the municipality, the only way in which this care can be taken is by strengthening the garrison of Paris. The Government of France will be, as it were, encamped in an enemy's territory, and will have to resort to all the precautions against surprise which are customary in time of war.

Although, however, the transfer of the control of the Paris police from the municipality to the Government is highly expedient if the Chambers are again to sit in Paris, there seems no reason why the one event should depend on the other. The reasons which make the return of the Chambers desirable hold good whether the police belong to the local or to the central authorities. The administration of the country will be easier if they belong to the central authority; but the Government are not so reduced in strength as to be unable to do their work without having a policeman within call. It is unfortunate that a change in itself so desirable should ever have been viewed in the light of a guarantee, without which some other change could not be effected. If the seat of Government cannot be moved back to Paris without the exaction of a guarantee for the good behaviour of the city, it had better not be moved back at all. There are some things to which a Government cannot condescend without a humiliating admission of weakness, and an open exhibition of distrust in the disposition of the capital is one of these. Whether the Paris police are under the orders of the Government or of the municipality, the Government will have the power of making the Chambers safe against violence, and, having this power, they will be bound to exercise it. When the municipality of Paris find that the transfer of the police is advocated, not as conferring any additional security on the Government, but simply as substituting a civil for a military security, they may be more inclined to bethink themselves of the saving to the city chest which the change will involve. So long as the transaction is represented in the light of a bargain, they will naturally be tempted to exaggerate the sacrifice they are asked to make in order to obtain what they maintain to be their right.

#### THE LAW OF DISTRESS.

**A**FTER the decision of the House of Commons on the Scotch law of hypothec, some surprise may have been caused by the refusal of a large majority to condemn by resolution the English law of distress. The question

whether the landowner should have a first charge on the stock and crops of his tenant is one of expediency rather than of principle. As a general rule, it is for the interest of persons engaged in business to obtain credit on the best possible security; and, although a legal preference accorded to one class of liabilities can only be given at the expense of less favoured creditors, it is possible that the opportunity of acquiring a farm may be advantageously purchased by an implied contract to postpone ordinary claims to the demands of the landlord. There is no injustice in preferring liabilities covered by security to simple contract debts; and, as long as the law of distress exists, it is a matter of notoriety that the landlord has a lien on the tenant's stock. The right would be less invidious if it were not in appearance and in fact a relic of feudal tenure, maintained in former times by a Legislature principally consisting of landowners. The balance of political power has of late years been greatly altered. The farmers, if they choose to exert themselves, can, as long as household suffrage is not extended, control the representation of the counties, and on such issues as the continuance or abolition of the law of distress they would be supported by a majority of borough members. The power both of urban and rural constituencies is at the highest when a general election is approaching. If English occupiers took a strong interest in the abolition of the law of distress, the House of Commons would in present circumstances not fail to represent their views. It may be inferred from the large majority on the question whether the SPEAKER should leave the chair that the feeling which has caused the condemnation of the law of hypothec is not at present strongly entertained by English farmers.

The debate was conducted without reference to party distinctions. Sir THOMAS ACLAND, though a zealous Liberal, cautioned the House against a hasty change in the relation between landlords and tenants. On the other hand, Mr. BARCLAY represented the opinions not so much of his party as of the Scotch capitalists who cultivate land on a large scale by scientific methods. It was alleged, not without reason, that the right of distraining for unpaid rent enables landlords to relax the conditions of solvency and of command of capital which they might otherwise find it necessary to enforce. The opponents of the law replied that it was not expedient to encourage the occupation of land by tenants who were unable to develop to the utmost its productive capacity. It is scarcely the function of Parliament to insist that all tenant-farmers shall be rich. The productiveness of the land must be entrusted to those who are connected with it as owners or cultivators; and, as Sir THOMAS ACLAND justly remarked, there is no subject on which greater nonsense has been talked and written. He added that much mischief had been caused by a careless assertion made some years ago by Lord DERRY that the produce of the land could, by proper cultivation, be doubled. Even if the proposition had been true in itself, it would by no means have followed that the operation of doubling the produce would have been profitable. The principal effect of the statement has been to furnish projectors with a text for declamations on the injury caused by the actual tenure of land. In a certain sense the general community may have an interest in the economic and successful prosecution of any kind of industry. As long as agricultural produce was protected against foreign competition, it might be plausibly contended that the State was justified in demanding that the greatest quantity of food should be provided by the only possible producers. Since the repeal of the Corn-laws, a paternal right to meddle with the management of land has no longer a reasonable justification. Cheap hardware and cheap cotton goods are, like cheap food, to be desired, but they cannot be provided by Acts of Parliament.

If the ancient law of distress were abolished, it would be impossible to allow landlords and tenants to contract themselves out of the new system. Other creditors would have an interest in maintaining the equality of different kinds of debts, or the priority of liabilities covered by bill of sale or any similar security. It is probable that in many cases the tenant-farmer would find that he had greater facilities of borrowing money; but he could scarcely complain that punctual payment of rent was enforced more strictly than at present. In fact, the owners of farm land rarely exercise the right of distress. In great part of England land held by tenants from year to year is occupied by the same holders or their families for more than one generation. When a tenant is not evicted little



is to be got by distraining his property. The right of re-entry gave the landlord a stronger hold, as long as the number of candidates for farms was larger than the supply. It is now in many districts difficult to find tenants, and consequently occupiers are not likely to be treated with harshness. Mr. READ's proposal that only one year's rent should be recoverable by distress may perhaps deserve attention. It must be admitted that the remedy, though it has existed from time immemorial, ought to be jealously watched as an anomaly. The distraining landlord is both judge and sheriff in his own case; and sometimes his agents are chargeable with harshness and extortion. The more ordinary effect of the system is to operate as a threat or a warning. Owners of houses distress more habitually than agricultural landlords. Mr. MARTEN reminded the House that the enforcement of a lien by seizure and sale of property was not peculiar to the claim of an owner against a tenant. Bankers constantly advance money on the security of transfers of stock or shares executed in blank, so that the creditor may at once realize the value in default of repayment. Lenders obtain by contract a similar hold on furniture and stock-in-trade. Mr. COURTNEY answered that, if goods were frequently sold under bills of sale, the Legislature would probably interfere, and he added that a right created by contract was distinguishable from a power conferred by law. As the right of distraint is imported into every bargain between landlord and tenant, it must be regarded as one of the terms of the agreement. A prohibition on bills of sale or on other securities which involve contingent forfeiture has never been proposed.

Mr. READ's amendment, though it was not the subject of a division, seemed to be received with favour by many members. It is not desirable that landlords should permit a long accumulation of arrears; and perhaps the right to recover a year's rent by distress would be sufficient and fair. Another question arises with reference to the right of seizing property which may not belong to the tenant. Agricultural machines rented from a dealer and cattle taken in to graze are liable to distraint. The injury done to the real owner is obvious, and an inquiry on his part whether any back rent was due would not always be a sufficient protection, while it would necessarily be invidious. On the other hand, the landlord of a farm on which the pasture was entirely used by cattle taken in on tack might be deprived of his right of distraint if his claim were restricted to the property of the tenant. The proposal that his claim should be limited to the amount paid or due for the feed of the cattle might provide only inadequate compensation. In this and in other respects the debate showed that Mr. BLENNERHASSET's resolution was too sweeping; but probably, if he had introduced a Bill, he would have inserted limitations and safeguards. Several speakers referred to the delay and difficulty which attend the enforcement of a landlord's right of re-entry; and it was admitted that, if owners were deprived of the power of distraint, other remedies must be provided. Less than might have been expected was said of the analogy between hypothec and distress. In answer to a member who had asserted that the two processes were similar or identical, the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER remarked with some humour that the Scotch members had always, in condemning hypothec, taunted their English colleagues with inability to comprehend a system entirely unlike that with which they were familiar. The Government, judiciously avoiding positive pledges, intimated a general opinion that the law of distress required modification, probably in the direction recommended by Mr. READ. It is not likely that Parliament will be induced by the arguments of Mr. BARCLAY or Mr. COURTNEY to discourage the occupation of land by farmers of small capital, even though it is alleged that one result of wider competition is to increase rents. Traders of all classes are in the habit of regarding credit as almost equivalent to capital; and enterprising farmers are entitled to hold the same opinion. In some parts of the country landlords are compelled to be moderate in their requirements, and experience shows that rents are nowhere more regularly paid than by occupiers who would be totally incapable of producing the traditional 10*l.* of capital for each acre. It appears that there is no immediate prospect of abolishing the power of distress; but perhaps the existing law may be amended.

#### ENGLISH AND FRENCH THEORIES OF EDUCATION.

THE *Moniteur* has published a letter from M. LE PLAY containing seven propositions setting forth the ideas and practice of Englishmen on the relations of the State and the family as regards the education of children. The first impression which M. LE PLAY's letter conveys is one of surprise that the opponents of M. FERRY's Bill should think it expedient to employ this particular weapon against it. Mr. ST. GEORGE MIVART, who has constructed these propositions for M. LE PLAY's use, declares on behalf of those who signed the document that they are not presumptuous enough to wish to interfere with the domestic affairs of a friendly nation. Interference is a word of many meanings, and in its ordinary sense the term is not applicable to foreigners who simply form and state their views upon the policy of other nations. Something of this kind is done by Englishmen every day. But these ordinary expressions of English opinion upon foreign politics differ from the propositions with which we are dealing in being primarily designed for home consumption. Englishmen write or speak about events in France or Germany or Italy, not with any notion that anything they can say will have any influence abroad, but simply because their own countrymen like to hear or read something of what is going on abroad. The propositions collected and forwarded by M. LE PLAY were not intended for home consumption at all. Those who put their names to them knew apparently that Mr. MIVART was collecting signatures to this document for M. LE PLAY's use; and it is scarcely to be supposed that they believed M. LE PLAY merely meant to keep them by him as a source of comfort in the retirement in which, as he says in his letter, he has spent his life since 1870. Indirectly, therefore, the publication of these propositions does seem to constitute an interference of a certain mild kind; and, in so far as it does or seems to do so, it is not likely to win over the advocates of the Bill. Whether Frenchmen are, as a rule, disposed to set much store by English judgments on their acts we will not undertake to say; but we can scarcely imagine any method of conveying them less likely to carry conviction than the one here employed. It is easy to dispose of these propositions by the plea that they relate to a state of things which has nothing in common with that now existing in France; and though it may no doubt be answered that these propositions have to do with matters of principle, which are equally true of all civilized societies, this is not a statement which an opponent can be expected to accept without challenge. By the time that the applicability or non-applicability of these doctrines to France has been determined the Bill will have been carried or rejected.

It may be conceded, however, that the decision as to the value of such a contribution to the educational controversy in France as M. LE PLAY has obtained from Mr. MIVART is one that was fairly left to M. LE PLAY himself. When a foreigner asks an Englishman to sign a statement which he believes to be true, alleging as his motive for making the request that he hopes by a judicious use of the names thus given to him to gain acceptance for the statement at the hands of his own nation, it is natural to suppose that he has assured himself that the publication of such a document will not be irritating or offensive to the persons for whose benefit it is intended. M. LE PLAY may be mistaken in his estimate of French sensitiveness, but it is a matter upon which he himself must be allowed to be the best judge. Of the propositions themselves, the first four will certainly not be questioned in this country. That all the inhabitants of England are free to open schools at their own expense; that a Bill depriving them of this freedom would have no chance of being voted by Parliament; that every father of a family has a right to choose the school at which his child shall be educated; that, even where a voluntary school is a sharer in the Parliamentary grant, its managers are entirely at liberty to choose their own masters and their own school books, are so many statements of fact. When Mr. MIVART comes to University education he is obliged to steer with more caution. A nation which has so long refused a charter to a Catholic University in Ireland is not exactly in a position to throw the first stone at those who wish with M. FERRY to have but one recognized type of University teaching. Mr. MIVART gets over this difficulty neatly enough. The organization of Universities and the terms on which degrees should be conferred are, he admits, points upon which much difference of opinion exists in England. There is one point, however,

upon which no doubt exists. Of course there can be but one class of subjects upon which this absolute agreement can be predicated of Englishmen. If Mr. MIVART wishes to carry all his countrymen with him in his dislike of the proposed French legislation, he must show that it threatens the maintenance of vested interests. This, therefore, is the ground which he chooses for attacking this part of M. FERRY's measure. If great expenses had been incurred under the authority of a recent law, and if at the end of two or three years this law were repealed, and the capital thus invested virtually destroyed, men of the most opposite opinions would agree, he says, in condemning such legislation. The two propositions which follow this will perhaps meet with an unequal degree of acceptance even in this country. That a State University ought not to be secured against rivalry is undoubtedly true; that there ought not to be a State University may also be true, but its truth is not equally self-evident. Emulation, says the seventh and last resolution, is not less valuable in education than in every other department of social activity; and an institution protected against competition is consequently more likely than any other to fall short of its duties. To this extent we entirely go with Mr. MIVART; but it is possible to do this without accepting to its full extent the condemnation of the French University system which seems to be implied in the sixth resolution. That the State should maintain a University, giving what in the opinion of the highest authorities in the State is the best attainable type of education, is not in itself an objectionable doctrine, provided that other people are left absolutely free to set up rival Universities giving the type of education which they consider the best. Inasmuch, however, as M. LE PLAY is a defender of the system introduced by the law of 1875, it must be supposed that this sixth resolution is really aimed, not at the existence of a State University, but at the exclusive pretensions which the French Government now reassert in its behalf.

That the opinion of Englishmen will have any weight with a Cabinet which has not been deterred from introducing this Bill by the hostility of a large section of Frenchmen is highly improbable. Here and there, however, some Republican of more than common openness of mind may be led to ask himself whether a measure which appears so monstrous to men who have had a longer experience of freedom than can be claimed by any Frenchman has all the merits which M. FERRY claims for it. Englishmen are not usually regarded in Europe as over *doctrinaire* in their devotion to abstract principles. They are too often disposed to condone acts of tyranny in foreign Governments on the ground that their subjects deserve no better. When, therefore, they are startled and even shocked by an instance in which an elementary principle of liberty seems to be violated, there is, at all events, a presumption that they are not moved without cause. M. LE PLAY may in this way reckon up his tale of solitary conversions, even if he is unable to point to any general change of sentiment as the result of his descent upon England.

#### THE LONDON SCHOOL BOARD AND THE RATEPAYERS.

THE London School Board are not happy in their selection of times and seasons. At their meeting on Wednesday they had two proposals before them, the effect of which will be considerably to increase the educational expenditure of London. One of these proposals was at once adopted; and, as the other comes recommended by the School Management Committee, it will probably be adopted in the end. Putting aside for the moment the merits of these two proposals, it is unfortunate that they should have been brought forward just at this moment. Rightly or wrongly, a good deal of attention has lately been drawn to the expenditure of the Board; and it is not impossible that the choice of members at the next election will in a great degree be determined by the views of the constituency on this point. After the surprise of the last School Board election, it would be rash to hazard a prediction as to the dispositions of the ratepayers. There can be no harm, however, in pointing out that the question of excessive expenditure will this time be raised in a way which will be less favourable to the policy of the Board. Three years ago the contest turned mainly on the relative merits of voluntary and School Board schools, and the result showed that the

electors decidedly preferred School Board schools. If the question were again raised in this form it would probably receive the same answer. But to prefer School Board schools to voluntary schools does not necessarily imply a readiness to spend an unlimited amount of money on the schools of their choice. The recent action of the London School Board has certainly left the impression that this is what the ratepayers will be asked to do, and this impression may exert more influence on the elections than the Board appear to expect. Quite apart, therefore, from the inherent propriety of any proposal tending to fresh increase in the expenditure, it seems a matter of doubtful wisdom to entertain such proposals at present.

As regards one of the two motions submitted to the Board on Wednesday, there is no need to restrict our criticism to its opportuneness. It appears that the By-Laws Committee have lately had before them the case of a family of six persons living on a sum of 20s. a week earned by the father. The Committee refused to remit the school fees, and the question before the Board was whether their refusal should be upheld. Miss HELEN TAYLOR, who moved that the fees should be remitted, had no difficulty in proving that the family were miserably poor. Their rent takes 6s. of their income, and, with this deducted, there remains 4d. a day for the food and clothing of each person. In answer to this, Mr. BUXTON pointed out that, however miserable the condition of this family might be, it was in no sense an exceptional condition. There were some ten thousand families in this hard case, and if the fees were remitted for one of them the Board would at once be flooded with applications for the same favour. The Board took Miss TAYLOR's view of the facts, and remitted the fees; and it will be interesting to observe whether the intelligence of the remaining 9,999 families, who have a similar claim on the Board's kindness, will be equal to urging it with the necessary persistence. If the remission of fees is given to one family living on an income of 20s. a week, it must certainly be given to every family living on that income which chooses to ask for it. There is every reason, therefore, to suppose that a large number of persons who have hitherto, after a fashion, been supporting themselves, will, for the future, be in part supported out of the rates. If it is objected that money given for the education of children cannot be called money spent in supporting the family to which these children belong the answer is that this ceased to be true from the moment when education was made compulsory. It is not supporting a family to give the children sugarplums; it is supporting a family to give the children bread. The law does not compel parents to provide sweetmeats for their children; but it does compel them to provide necessary food, and to help towards the provision of that necessary food is to help in supporting the family. It is just the same with education. So long as parents were not bound by law to provide it for their children, it held the place of a luxury. Now that it has become a necessary, inability to provide it for his children makes a man as much destitute as though he were unable to provide them with bread. If the money which other people pay for their children's schooling is paid for him, he is to that extent living on outdoor relief. The London School Board do not seemingly shrink from the prospect of adding some ten thousand families to the class of persons thus supported.

As a matter of fact, the prospect is even worse than this. If these ten thousand families were to be frankly given their choice between being made paupers and paying the school fees for their children, it would involve a serious addition to the burdens of the community. There still remains, however, some prejudice in the minds of the poor against "coming on the parish," and this feeling would lead some at all events of those to whom the choice was offered, to prefer the harder, but less degrading alternative. Under an unfortunate provision of the Education Act this safeguard is withdrawn. It is expressly provided that the remission of school fees in favour of a child shall not make the parent a pauper. He may enjoy the solid benefit of being helped out of the earnings of others without the annoyance of a visit from the relieving officer, or an interview with the Guardians. Consequently there will be no reason whatever why he should not apply for a remission of school fees. His position will be in no way lowered by doing so. He is shielded by a statute from all the drawbacks incident to pauperism, and has nothing to do but to thank his good fortune that an Act of Parliament has put money into his



pocket. Nor will the application to the Board be strictly limited to families earning 20s. per week. The Board has committed itself to the statement that where six persons have to live on this sum, and pay 6s. out of it for rent, they are miserably poor. If the number of the family were greater, or if the rent were higher, it is plain that an addition of two or three shillings to the wages would leave the recipients equally poor. The decision of the Board will thus operate as a general invitation to every poorly paid labourer in London to prove that he is no better off than if he had five persons beside himself to support, 6s. a week to pay for rent, and only 20s. a week out of which to pay it.

The other proposal submitted to the Board on Wednesday related to the payment of teachers. Hitherto they have drawn their income in part from the Government grant. It is now suggested that in future they should be paid a fixed salary independently of the Government grant, and that the grant should be taken by the Board. As we have not seen the report of the Committee which recommends this change, we can have no decided opinion about its propriety. In so far as it makes the teachers independent of the Government grant, it seems to deprive them of a useful stimulus, but it is possible that this loss may be more than made up by the greater sense of responsibility to their employers. If the change is effected, the Board will have to advance a certain sum monthly to take the place of the Government grant, which is only paid once a year, and this will necessitate the imposition next year of a halfpenny rate, besides the rate already levied, and such other additions to it as may be wanted to make the income of the Board equal to its expenditure. It seems, we repeat, an unfortunate time to select for a change which is apparently more called for by a desire for theoretical perfection than by any practical need. The London School Board are in a position not unlike that of the Government of India. Both authorities have a vast number of magnificent schemes floating before their imaginations, and both are a little at a loss how to raise the money required to carry them out. The Government of India has frankly recognized the necessity of cutting its coat according to its cloth. Works of public utility are to be abandoned or postponed in deference to the antecedent demands of public poverty. It would be wise if the London School Board were to follow this excellent example. There is a limit to the endurance even of ratepayers; and, if once that limit is passed, there may be a difficulty in obtaining even the money which is wanted for the bare necessities of elementary education in London. It will be matter for regret if the School Board provides the last straw for the ratepayer's back in the shape of an improvement which might perfectly well have stood over to a less expensive season.

#### THE COMING ZULU CAMPAIGN.

THE new scheme which, according to the Special Correspondent of the *Daily News*, Lord Chelmsford is now engaged in preparing for his next campaign, is not approved by that authority. It is, however, much easier to see the faults of any plan of operations than that may be proposed in this very peculiar war than to say what is best to be done. The particular scheme in question is for operating from two points. General Crealock and his division, consisting for the most part of the troops which effected the relief of Ekowe, is to march northwards along the coast, as far as the Umatoosi, or about fifty miles from the Tugela, beyond which he is not to advance until he hears that the other columns are sufficiently near Ulundi to make his further movement a perfectly safe one. These other columns are, first, that now forming under General Newdigate, of a brigade of infantry and all the British cavalry, at Doornberg, a little north-west of Rorke's Drift, and, secondly, Wood's command, strengthened by the 4th Foot. These two bodies are to converge on Ulundi from the west, uniting on the White Umvolosi, which runs eastward to the capital. The objection of the *Daily News* Correspondent to this plan of the campaign would appear to be that it leaves the whole Natal frontier, from Rorke's Drift to the mouth of the Tugela, unguarded and open to the enemy. If he should determine upon offensive war, and make a raid down into British territory, there is no doubt of this; and, with the Zulu's power of quick movement, it would be difficult for us to stop him, still more to catch him, if he made the attempt. But something must be risked if the war is ever to come to an end, and so bold a movement is at least unlikely on the part of the Zulu King. It would probably succeed for a time, and he might do a great deal of mischief; but, meanwhile, he would lose the strongholds of his own kingdom, and, once quitting his hold of these, would find it difficult to re-establish himself there again. Not, however, that it is to be assumed that Lord Chelmsford's plan, as now reported to us, is the plan

which he really intends to follow. There could not be a surer way of neutralizing the advantages conferred by his reinforcements than to allot to one large part of them the duty of taking up a fixed position, and enjoining the commander to stop there. And, whatever faults may be imputed to the Commander-in-Chief, no one would wish to impute to him the folly of divulging his plans, and allowing them to be made known publicly for the benefit of the Zulus as well as ourselves. Newspaper correspondents are, no doubt, disposed to arrogate a good deal to themselves, and it will not surprise us to find it imputed as a grievance, and the General well abused accordingly, if they are not taken into his confidence; indeed, from the way in which these gentlemen make themselves heard nowadays, and the confidence with which they lay down the law on all military subjects, one is apt to forget that the class is largely composed of men who have taken to this kind of work as a last resource, because other trades have failed. In the present case we can only suppose that, in telling the Correspondent that one column is to be made a fixture, with orders on no account to do anything involving any risk, some one on the General's staff was poking fun at him.

At the same time, it is much easier to say what should not be done than to suggest a plan of operations. Every plan is beset with difficulties. To move in large bodies is to run the risk of starving, or of soon being unable to move at all. To break up into small bodies is to run the risk of the destruction of detachments; for, even if each of a number of small columns was self-contained, and strong enough to hold its own against any number of the enemy, still each of them must leave its posts behind, to keep up communication with the base, and experience shows that these would be liable to surprise. No doubt, if a Napoleon were in the field, he would teach his troops to outmarch even the Zulus. It would be quite in accordance with the Napoleonic conception of war under such circumstances to press on, regardless of ordinary precautions, breaking off for a time all communications with the base, and simply to march the enemy down, attacking him wherever he was to be found. And we may be sure that the Zulus would have little chance against any European troops with a general of genius at their head. The loss in such a mode of attack would be great; detachments would be sacrificed; large numbers would drop behind, worn out and faint from hunger and fatigue, and all such would be left to perish; but there would be enough left to finish the war once for all. Even in Napoleon's most successful wars the waste of men was tremendous, often before a shot was fired. But no English general can venture to deal thus with his troops. They may die off from sickness, from stagnating idly in ill-chosen camps, or they may be killed in battle, but they must be fed at all hazards; and, acting on this axiom, the British troops in the present war seem to be even less mobile than British troops usually are. When we read the accounts of those clumsy waggons, with their prodigious teams, and the description of the country through which they are endeavouring to make their way, the task of getting through the campaign, in the sense of accomplishing anything to be called active operations, seems well nigh hopeless. Our notions of a minimum camp equipment are certainly not suited to South Africa. The troops are going very lightly supplied, according to the recognized standard, and no doubt are really roughing it, officers as well as men; and yet the wagon trains appear to be enormous. The greater part, we presume, is employed in the transport of ammunition and the hospital service; and one cannot but question whether the moral effect of artillery is not dearly purchased at the cost of their being so great an encumbrance. The theatre of war is, after all, on but a small scale, but it is all too large for our means of transport. One thing is now plain. Mule carriage should have been substituted for draft waggons. Not that any one is to blame for not foreseeing this, although it is from not exercising foresight that the troubles of war arise. The commander in the Crimea took no steps to supply carriage for his army—indeed he would probably have forfeited the confidence of the Government had he done so—and his army perished in consequence. Lord Napier swept the Levant to collect mules for his march to Magdala; he accomplished this in the first season, and so a large part of his preparations proved superfluous. So, too, would preparations for wintering before Sebastopol have proved superfluous if we had taken the place at the outset; and the fuss made by the British public in paying the bill for the Abyssinian war did not tend to encourage generals to run up accounts of this sort on their own responsibility. But there would have been time between Isandula and this to have collected a considerable supply of pack cattle, and the money, whatever the amount, would have been thoroughly well spent; if the campaign turns out a failure, it will probably be from want of proper carriage. As to the plans that are actually to be attempted for getting to Ulundi, we may presume that this is still a secret; and it is impossible, without knowing all the circumstances of the case, in this most exceptional warfare to hazard more than a general opinion about the subject; but there appears no reason to suppose that an advance by two main columns is not as good a plan as any other. The risk of the Zulus breaking out into Natal, which seems the principal objection to it, we suspect to be small. We must add that it would not be at all surprising to hear of the sudden collapse of the Zulu defence. Great credit seems to be taken for Wood's having been made a Brigadier-General, as if this was an immense promotion. Every colonel commanding a brigade in Afghanistan has had this rank given him, although these brigades are mere handfuls, about half the strength of a German regiment. And Wood, although young as officers go nowadays,

is an old colonel, and with ordinary luck should have got his seniority promotion long ago.

The loss of officers from sickness is, we are sorry to add, already large. The deaths among the men are no doubt in full proportion, and tell of the hardships and exposure that have been undergone. In this, as in most wars, it will probably be found that fever and dysentery are more fatal than the enemy, although the latter scored so heavily at first.

#### CARDINAL NEWMAN AND HIS COLLEAGUES.

WHEN Dr. Dollinger some years ago observed to an English visitor, who had expressed his regret at Dr. Newman not being raised to the sacred purple, "My dear Sir, he is not the stuff Cardinals are made of," he uttered a truth, or rather a truism, applicable to the last and indeed to a long series of recent pontificates. Leo XIII. has made a fresh start, and it is satisfactory to find that our illustrious countryman has no reason on the whole to be ashamed of his colleagues in this first batch of Cardinals created by him. It is noteworthy, in the first place, as a marked improvement on the practice of centuries past, that a majority of them are non-Italian. The Sacred College is in theory the Council of the Head of the Church as such, and the present Pope took the earliest opportunity of announcing his intention to make the theory into a fact. But it stands to common sense that the governing Council of a world-wide communion ought to have a fairly representative character, and not to be composed mainly of prelates of one nation only; whereas hitherto at least three-fourths of the Cardinals have always been Italians. But moreover the ten newly chosen members of the Sacred College are for the most part men of mark, who have an obvious fitness for the position, and many of them are known for a largeness and liberality of mind which neither Pius IX. nor his immediate predecessors have usually delighted to honour. We are not prepared to go quite so far as the rather gushing Correspondent of the *Times*, who informs the public that "never before in the history of the Church have so many persons distinguished for their learning, scientific attainments, and power of mind been raised to the purple at one and the same time"; for it would require a detailed record of the nominations of some thousand years to verify such a statement. Still less can we endorse his next assertion that this last batch of Cardinals is "exclusively composed of remarkable men," unless the word remarkable be taken in an ambiguous sense. Mgr. Pié, Archbishop of Poitiers, for instance, is chiefly "remarkable" for the ingenious argument propounded in his speech at the Vatican Council, that the Pope must be infallible because St. Peter was crucified with his head downwards, "for, as the head bears the whole weight of the body, so the Pope, as head, bears the whole Church; but he is infallible who bears, not he who is borne." However, we have no wish to depreciate the general eminence of these new members of the Sacred College, selected or approved by Leo XIII., or the significance of his act. The great majority of them are men of real distinction, as well as—like the Pope's brother Mgr. Pecci—men of wide and liberal views. That there are one or two learned Ultramontanes among them, such as Hergenrother, the author of *Anti-janus*, is true, and can hardly be considered a ground either of wonder or regret. To make at one stroke what has hitherto been a *sine qua non* for admission a rigid bar of exclusion would be a rough-and-ready procedure difficult to justify on the score either of fairness or expediency. If Leo XIII. has resolved to call to his councils the most distinguished personages available for the purpose, without regard to party differences or the narrow traditions and jealousies of the Roman *prelatura*, he has only done what a high-minded and sensible man in his position might be expected to do; while his own preference is sufficiently exhibited by the admission of ecclesiastics whose claims were again and again vainly pressed by foreign Governments on his predecessors, and by his exclusive adoption of the Liberal element among Italian candidates, where his choice was unfettered. Mgr. Pecci's opinions are well known. Mgr. Alimonda, Bishop of Albenga, was so little in favour with Pius IX. that, in spite of his high reputation both as a writer and a preacher, he was only raised to the episcopate a year and a half ago, and he soon afterwards gave fresh offence at the Vatican by his warm panegyric on Victor Emmanuel at the time of the funeral ceremonies solemnized in his diocese.

A word may be added here as to Dr. Newman's non-Italian colleagues in the creation of Monday last, before we come to speak of his own address on the occasion, which has been so strangely parodied by some of our contemporaries. Haynald, then Bishop of Transylvania, was virtually exiled from Austria on account of his Liberal opinions under the old despotic régime, but was recalled after the coronation of the Emperor as King of Hungary, and in 1867 he became Archbishop of Kalocsa. He took a leading part in the opposition at the Vatican Council and voted among the *non placets*. Three years later he again gave offence to Pius IX. by taking part in a deputation to the King of Italy on occasion of a grand horticultural exhibition at Florence, when he was consequently admonished not to come to Rome. It is hardly surprising that the repeated requests of the Austrian Government for his elevation to the purple met with a steady refusal, which however the present Pope has taken the earliest opportunity of reversing. Fürstenberg, Prince Archbishop of Olmütz, is spoken of by the *Times* Correspondent as "a decided Ultramontane" and favourite of Pius IX., but there must be some mistake here, for his name also appears among the *non placets* at the Council. His claims however are such as any Pope might fitly recognize. Of high

birth, and acknowledged piety and learning, he appears to have devoted without stint the energies of a lifetime as well as a princely fortune to the temporal and spiritual welfare of his extensive diocese, and the celebration last year of his episcopal jubilee brought out unmistakable evidence of his well-earned popularity. Of Mgr. Desprez, Archbishop of Toulouse, there is nothing particular to say, but there can be no doubt that had Dupanloup been still living, his name would have appeared in the first list of French Cardinals selected by Leo XIII. Nor is it at all unlikely that if His Holiness had succeeded in coming to terms with Dr. Dollinger, a Hat would also have been pressed on his acceptance. But it is difficult to see how under existing circumstances this could have been managed. After a solemn excommunication had been pronounced, the Pope, whatever might be his personal wishes and feelings, could hardly in his official capacity accept less than a formal retraction of some kind, which it was obviously impossible for Dr. Dollinger to make with any regard to sincerity and self-respect. It is true of course that under Leo XIII. no such sentence would ever have been pronounced, or rather no occasion for it would have arisen:—"sed revocare gradum"! The beginning of mischief generally, as well as of strife, "is as when one letteth out water;" and the injury inflicted by one pontificate on the interests of religion generally and of the Roman Catholic Church in particular may prove more than several pontificates can remedy. Meanwhile the mind of the present Pope is most directly revealed in the nominations made by himself spontaneously where no Government influence was brought to bear, such as Alimonda and Pecci among the Italians; and of these nominees by far the most distinguished is Dr. Newman, to whose address, delivered in his "own dear mother tongue" at Cardinal Howard's Palace on Monday last, on receiving the formal announcement of his elevation—previous to his solemn investiture by the Pope on the following Thursday—it is now time to turn. It is satisfactory to learn that his Eminence was able to speak without any signs of fatigue "in a strong, clear voice," audible to the large company chiefly composed of English and American residents in Rome, as well Catholic as Protestant, assembled on the occasion. His reported indisposition at Rome appears indeed happily to have been much less serious than was represented.

The new Cardinal naturally began with expressing in a few touching words his surprise and gratification at receiving so high an honour, which "had never entered into my thoughts and seemed to be out of keeping with all my antecedents." He had passed through many trials—readers of the *Apologia* and later writings of his knew something of that—but they were over now, "and the end of all things had almost come." Indeed he could hardly have borne the shock of so great a surprise but for the kindness and generosity of the Holy Father in telling him his reasons for what he was doing. The Pope explained that his act was a recognition of Dr. Newman's zeal and good services for so many years in the Catholic cause. "Moreover he judged"—quite correctly—"that it would give pleasure to English Catholics, and even to Protestant England, if I received some mark of his favour." After these gracious words Dr. Newman felt that he could no longer hesitate to accept what was pressed on him with such gracious insistence. He then goes on to speak of the singleness of purpose, love of truth, and unity of mind, which have, he trusts, characterized his life and writings throughout, in spite of "many mistakes," and which indeed cannot fail to strike any tolerably attentive reader of his works from first to last. He has especially resisted for the last fifty years, to the best of his power, "the spirit of liberalism in religion." We have italicized the last two words as abundantly confirming, if any confirmation was required, the justice of our comment the other day on the paradoxical notion that his political Toryism was the ground of the Pope's selecting him for the Cardinalate. The "liberalism" against which Dr. Newman has contended throughout his life, not less strenuously at Oxford formerly than now at Rome, might perhaps be more correctly designated as religious indifferentism. However, he has defined his own meaning with his accustomed clearness and precision. "Liberalism in religion is the doctrine that there is no positive truth in religion, but that one creed is as good as another, and this is the teaching that is gaining substance and force daily. It is inconsistent with the recognition of any religion as true." If it is absurd to confound the repudiation of such a principle with political Toryism, it is hardly less absurd to confound it, as some of our contemporaries have done, with the doctrine of religious persecution. How far Cardinal Newman is right in thinking that the liberalism he deprecates is gaining ground daily may of course be matter of opinion, though probably most competent judges, believers or unbelievers, will agree that there is a great deal of reason for what he says. Least of all are unbelievers likely to dispute what they are never tired of asserting, or rather predicting, with the assurance of a coming triumph. Cardinal Newman reminds us how the dictum that Christianity is the law of the land, which was current in England in his younger days, "with a hundred others that followed upon it, is gone or is going everywhere, and by the end of the century, unless the Almighty interposes, it will be forgotten." A distinguished sceptical writer lately removed from us went a great deal further when he complacently informed his readers that a generation or two hence belief in God would be thought as irrational as belief in the Ptolemaic system of astronomy is thought now; while another still living has compared belief in the Bible and the Creeds to belief in the quaint cosmography of Cosmas Indicopleustes, a monk of the sixth century. Be that as it may, most religious believers, Roman Catholic or Pro-



testant, will agree with Dr. Newman in repudiating the principle that "one creed is as good as another," which is in fact, religiously speaking, very like the saying that "one man is as good as another," and open to the same obvious retort, "Yes, and a good deal better too." He naturally dwells on that aspect of "this great apostasy" which presents itself to him in his own country, where, in spite of the religious character of the people, he sees grave reason for apprehending its advance, not merely from the multitude of jarring sects into which the country is divided, but also from the fact that, while differing in other respects, they are all alike "firmly opposed to the union of Church and State, and would advocate the unchristianizing of the monarchy and all that belongs to it, under the notion that such a catastrophe would make religion much more pure and much more powerful." With the disestablishment party therefore Cardinal Newman has evidently no sort of sympathy. But this of course is only one phase of the movement he deplures. That a growing disintegration of religious belief is one of the most prominent characteristics of modern European society is beyond a doubt, and that this disintegration, when it has reached a certain point, may and indeed does seriously menace and complicate the maintenance of the received popular morality, hardly less clear. We had occasion ourselves only last week to notice an amusing example of this, which, especially considering where he has lived for many years past, may probably have been in the Cardinal's mind when he spoke of "philosophers and politicians" who wish to discard Christian teaching and substitute "a universal and thorough secular education." Yet he is far too moderate and charitable a thinker to deny that the phase of thought which he regrets and denounces has any good side. On the contrary, "it must be borne in mind that there is much in the liberalistic theory that is good and true; for example, not to say more, the precepts of justice, truthfulness, sobriety, self-command, benevolence, which are among its avowed principles. It is not till we find that this array of principles is intended to supersede, to block out, religion that we pronounce it to be evil." That is, if we rightly understand the speaker, he thinks—and he is very far from being singular in thinking—that Christian morality will not be able in the long run to hold its ground apart from the Christian doctrines on which it has hitherto been based, even though, according to the generous concession of the Birmingham School Board, an incidental reference to the exploded fictions of God and immortality be still permissibly retained. He is urging, in short, very much what his distinguished Anglican friend, Dean Church, has insisted upon in a recent publication. "In our eagerness for improvement it concerns us to be on our guard against the temptation of thinking that we can have the fruit or the flower, and yet destroy the root; that we may retain the high view of human nature which has grown with the growth of Christian nations, and discard that revelation of Divine love and human destiny of which that view forms a part or a consequence; that we may retain the moral energy, and yet make light of the faith that produced it."

It is only by a ridiculous confusion of thought that such an argument as this, whether right or wrong, can be identified with the advocacy of intolerance and persecution. Dr. Newman was the vigorous champion of the "dogmatic principle" at Oxford fifty years ago; he was strenuously opposed to religious indifference then, and his latest utterance, as well as every line he has written in the interim, shows that he is equally opposed to it still. But he then also expressly condemned the theory of religious persecution, and there is not a syllable in his address of Monday last, or in any later work of his with which we are acquainted, to show that he is more in favour of it now. To speak with the *Times* and *Standard* of his despairing of the future of Christian Society unless some miraculous intervention takes place before the end of the century is not only to travesty what he said the other day, but flatly to contradict it. He was careful, before bringing his remarks to a close, to guard against any such misinterpretation. "Such," he said, "is the state of things in England, and it is well that it should be realized by all of us; but it must not be supposed for a moment that I am afraid of it: I lament it deeply, because I foresee that it may be the ruin of many souls; but I have no fear at all that it can really do aught of serious harm to the word of truth, to the Holy Church, to the Lion of the tribe of Judah, faithful and true, or to his vicar on earth. Christianity has been too often in what seemed deadly peril that we should fear for it any new trial now. So far is certain." And he winds up with the text from the Psalter prefixed years ago to his Littlemore series of "Lives of the English Saints," which bears anything but the fire and faggot connotation which some too ingenious critics have fathered on his words, *Mensuri autem hereditabunt terram et delectabuntur in multitudine pacis*. The language throughout is that of a man who loves England well, who loves Christianity yet better, and who, looking calmly back on a life of nearly eighty years, marks the advance of a religious or irreligious movement which appears to him, as it does to many others both in the communion he has left and in that which he now adorns, fraught with serious perils to the future of English Christianity. But it is also the language of a man whose faith is stronger than his fear, and who holds the ultimate victory of truth to be "certain," though "it is uncertain" in what particular manner Providence may bring it to pass—whether enemies will unexpectedly be turned into friends, or thwarted in their aims, or collapse through internal decay, or confer an unintentional benefit on the cause they are assailing and then be removed. Meanwhile "the Church has nothing more to do than to go on in her own

proper duties in confidence and peace, to stand still and see the salvation of God." Such counsel manifests a solemn sense of the gravity of the crisis, but there is no trace in it of fierceness or of despondency. With the exception of a word or two here and there the new Cardinal has said nothing which might not have been said with equal sincerity, or which would not be substantially endorsed, by many of his old friends who are still in the Anglican communion. It is indeed but an amplification and re-enforcement of the motto adopted at the beginning of the Tractarian movement by the author of the *Christian Year*.

#### JAMRACH'S.

IN Ratcliffe Highway, now dignified by the name of St. George's East, stands an unpretending shop, the windows of which are chiefly occupied with bird-cages, amongst whose denizens may be noticed some rare and costly birds which at once show the establishment to be something more than that of an ordinary bird-fancier. This is the establishment of Jamrach, the well-known importer of wild animals. The first thing one sees on entering the place is a number of birds, amongst which are a valuable black cockatoo and a case of *mynas*, or Indian talking birds. These are handsome black creatures, shaped somewhat like a starling, but having the bill and rings round the eyes of a bright yellow colour. They are much esteemed by Hindoos, especially of the lower orders, since they can be made to repeat a prayer, and so save their owners much trouble. As they thrive well in this country, and are by far the best talking birds known, they will probably become familiar here, although they may not be utilized for vicarious religious offices. The mocking-bird is also an interesting one to keep, for it may be taught to imitate any sound, from the note of a nightingale to the squeak of a wheelbarrow. They seldom sing their natural note in confinement; but, when one is found that can do this, it will fetch as much as 40*l.*, the ordinary price for a mocking-bird being 40*s.*

Very remarkable are the order and method adopted in the establishment, and the quiet way in which the various attendants go about their work, the result being that each case of birds is well supplied with appropriate food and kept scrupulously clean. When we remember that almost every different species requires different food and treatment, we may imagine how much knowledge of ornithology and what unremitting attention is required to attain such a result. On the matter of bird food Mr. Jamrach possesses an amazing amount of erudition, and he has taught us how the plumage of canaries can be made orange-coloured by the use of cayenne pepper, and how young grey parrots assume a darker hue when fed on hempseed, together with many other mysteries. The men employed in feeding the birds have been for the most part trained in the establishment since their boyhood, and when their experience fails, the practical and scientific knowledge of Mr. Jamrach or his father always supplies the requisite information. At every turn some strange bird meets the eye; here an Egyptian Ibis, there a Marabout, and there another *rara avis in terris nigroque simillima cygno*. Juvenal would, we think, have expunged this line had he heard, as we did, the remark made by Mr. Jamrach in reply to a question from a customer who had just entered:—"No, that case of black swans is not for you; it is going to Bohemia." Black swans fetch about 6*l.* a pair, and as they are hardy birds, and thrive well in this country, these, or the beautiful Australian magpie geese, at 1*5*s.** a pair, are a great addition to an ornamental piece of water or a park.

From the shop one passes into a sort of counting-house, presided over by a little white pet dog—a pet dog in an establishment devoted to the sale of pets, and the only one not itself for sale. The counting-house, again, leads into one of the most extraordinary apartments we have ever seen—a lofty room, with a gallery running round it, and completely filled with a miscellaneous collection of curiosities. A hideous heathen deity, all red paint and feathers, stands beside a figure of Buddha; the symbol of savage fetishism beside that of philosophical contemplation. The walls are covered with South Sea Island weapons, portraits of Indian notabilities, and representations of Nautch dances hung side by side with assegais from Zululand, nullas, canoe paddles, and boomorangs, and shells of great beauty and price, some single specimens of which are worth as much as 50*l.* Handsome Chinese vases, fans, boxes, &c., lie casually about, and a vacant space is occupied by a stuffed elephant and giraffe. Adjoining the gallery of this room is another apartment, where, strewn about among half-unpacked cases, are a quantity of articles more bizarre if anything than the heterogeneous collection we have just described. Among them are some handsome pieces of old china and porcelain, and other antique works of art, and a number of antiquities from Peru, including some peculiar earthenware jugs or bottles bearing the figure of a bird on the body, and so constructed that when the bottle is blown out or liquid is poured out of it a sound is produced resembling the note of the bird depicted. Another Peruvian curiosity is a basket of small earthenware masks, supposed to represent some prehistoric pigmy race; but at any rate hideous enough to produce a nightmare at will by only looking at them. Ivory walking canes, such as Indian nabobs once affected, with elaborately devised handles, and bric-a-brac of every kind from every quarter of the world, complete the costly litter.

Passing up another flight of stairs, the visitor is ushered into a

little room presenting a sight more curious perhaps than any of the others; for in it are more than two thousand pairs of small green parrots, flying about quite unrestrained, save by the limits of the room itself. A large trellis-work of perches runs across the room, and on this, as well as on the window, the pretty little creatures sit in clusters, billing and cooing, or alight upon the floor to pick up the seeds with which it is plentifully strewn. A constant whirr of wings and a dazzling sheen of bright plumage ever in motion, and reminding one of some pyrotechnic display, add a strange beauty to the scene. "And now," said Mr. Jamrach, "if you like, I will send a man down with you to look over the stables." In the stables we found some shaggy little Iceland ponies, about the size of Newfoundland dogs and just as gentle and docile, the very beau-ideal of a child's mount. There were also some graceful Eland antelopes from Africa, the largest of the antelope tribe, and expensive to keep "in stock" withal, as they devour at least a cartload of mangold wurzels a day. These animals are being acclimated in England. They are the largest kind of antelope, and their flesh is both excellent and nutritious. In a sort of exaggerated pig-pen was a double-horned rhinoceros sleeping tranquilly, and refusing to listen to the voice of the charmer, though he charmed him wisely to get up by kicking him on the eye. But then the rhinoceros is notoriously thick-skinned. Noticing that the huge beast was only kept in by a thin wooden bolt in a rickety wooden gate, we asked if he were tame and quiet. "Yes; pretty quiet," replied the attendant, decidedly qualifying the adjective, "pretty quiet for what he is. If he gets a bit wild, you have to look out, you know." And we did look out, and were dismayed to find that there was little opportunity for hurrying in an opposite direction, where we felt certain we should have had urgent business had the two-horned sleeper shown any signs of "getting a bit wild." Close by were a number of cages filled with large birds—the bald vulture, the eagle, and notably a case of huge horned owls, the wisest-looking fowls we ever saw. They regarded us for some time with an odd inquisitive glance, and then solemnly waddled one by one to the front, snarled at us, and retired once more to their attitude of philosophical contemplation. The smaller parrots when they die are thrown as food to the owls, who often have a merry meal also off the rats, numbers of which are attracted to the place by the scraps of food left or scattered about by the animals. Here, too, was a seal lying on its side in a tank, and looking up at us with its great trustful eyes, which seemed to beg us to stroke its head. We tried it with our umbrella, and the gentle creature took about an inch out of the handle.

In the loft above the stables we met with more success, for a large puma allowed us to scratch its head, and purred during the process like a barrel-organ. Here, however, affectionate intercourse was somewhat restrained by the keeper. warning us not to put our face too near, as puss "might take your eye out before you knew where you were," being young and lively; and indeed, when we saw her pursuing her own tail, first crawling with deep artfulness after it, then rushing wildly round and round after it, and lastly, having lost all patience at its constantly eluding her, fancying herself a catharine wheel and "behaving as such," we thought that patting pumas might be attended with a certain amount of risk. A fine old Tom puma in the next cage was very sedate, and looked tempting to stroke; but the character we had of him from his attendant did not encourage us to familiarities. The next cage was empty, but its recent occupant had reduced the greater part of it to matchwood, and had bent the bars into the most fantastic shapes in an endeavour to join the giddy throng of passengers in St. George's East. Mr. Frank Buckland has recorded how not very long ago a large tiger did manage to escape, and walked quietly to the end of the mews, where a little boy came up and patted it on the head. The animal promptly seized him in its mouth and walked down the street, apparently with the intention of finding a quiet corner to breakfast in, and no one seemed inclined to interfere with his proposed arrangements. Mr. Jamrach the elder, however, having been informed of what had taken place, coolly walked out with an iron bar, took the child unhurt from the beast's mouth, and, unassisted, led the tiger back again to his den. The amount of courage required and shown by those who have to do with wild animals is sometimes extraordinary. We have seen Bidel, the French lion-tamer, with four Bengal tigers, two or three lions, a pack of wolves, and a few dozen leopards, hyenas, and other creatures—not to mention an elephant, a camel, and a lamb—all in one cage, and watched him put them one after another through their performances, stopping only now and then to hit a tiger on the nose or pull a lion's ear if they showed a tendency to ferocity. On another occasion we saw Macomo, a negro tamer, go through his performance with a cage of lions, one of whom had bitten off his left hand and torn one side of his face to ribbons two nights before. The incident, too, of the lions escaping at Astley's, and being brought back single-handed by a keeper, is within the memory of all newspaper readers. Sometimes the poor fellows are not so fortunate, as the sad fate of Van Amburgh, the prince of lion-tamers himself, and of Delmonico more recently, at the Folies Bergères in Paris, testifies. But all these professional exhibitors have to deal with beasts which they know pretty well and which they are accustomed to overawe, while Mr. Jamrach and his men have to do with *wild* beasts, not only untamed and untrained, but out of temper from the unwonted confinement and a long sea voyage.

A very interesting new arrival was a secretary crane, with a

fringe of feathers round his head, which he elevates at times like a comic wig; a fierce, intelligent-looking bird, whose business is snakes, but who is here obliged to content himself with rats. He was destined for the Zoological Gardens of Philadelphia, some of the finest, and situated in the most magnificent park, in the world. The authorities now send direct to Jamrach's for their animals; before they bought them from dealers in New York, who bought them from German traders, who bought them from Jamrach's, which is the head-quarters of the animal trade throughout the world. Mr. Jamrach had just executed for the same place a small order for an ichneumon, a small emu, two "laughing asses," two baboons, a scarlet ibis, and two English badgers. Two young cheetahs had just come in from Bombay; one of these was as tame as a house-cat, and, like the puma, purred beautifully when stroked; the other was suffering from a slight indisposition, produced by an unwise excess of potted meat while on board, and responded to our advances with a smile that was far from childlike or bland. Amongst a crowd of monkeys in a cage was a poor little chimpanzee suffering from an attack of bronchitis, which proved fatal a day or two afterwards, entailing a large loss on his proprietor, as he could only be put into pickle and kept for a German professor, who was coming over and would buy him for 2*l.* We shall not easily forget either the air of comical, but pitiful, misery with which he folded his hands and regarded the intruders, or the air of profound regret with which the keeper said, "He is sure to die; he won't touch his port wine, the only thing that could do him good; perhaps if he were a little older he'd have had more sense." At times the menagerie in St. George's East contains a much larger stock than is at present on hand. The late severe winter has carried off a number of the wild animals, and the gardens are obliged to fill up the gaps thus made in their collections. Consequently a brisk trade prevails just now, and a rare animal or bird is sold almost as soon as consigned. Thus on the Saturday before we visited the establishment 980 pair of zebra finches had come in, and were sent off on Monday to the Jardin d'Acclimation in Paris. Here is an entry of another little transaction with the same Society:—1 Australian crane; 1 female axis deer; 48 Pennant's parrots; 12 pair rosellas; 17 rose cockatoos; 8 Blue Mountain lories. For the benefit of such of our readers as may have a taste for forming natural history collections we append the prices of some of the live animals which form Mr. Jamrach's stock in trade:—Lions or tigers, 8*0*l.** each; pumas, 3*0*l.**; leopards, 2*0*l.**; cheetahs, 4*0*l.**; black panthers, 15*0*l.**; clouded tigers, 3*0*0*l.***; jaguars, 3*0*l.** to 5*0*l.**; ocelots, 3*l.* to 1*0*l.**; Viverrine cats, 1*0*l.**; servals, 4*l.*; lynx, 5*l.* to 15*l.*; hyenas, 12*l.* to 3*0*l.**; Aard wolf, 4*0*l.** to 1*0*0*l.***; civet cats, 2*l.* to 1*0*l.**; paradoxines, 2*l.* to 5*l.*; ichneumons, 25*l.*; wolf, 5*l.* to 1*0*l.**; silver fox, 1*0*l.**; coatemundis, or racoons, 2*l.*; Polar bears, 25*l.*; brown bears, 1*0*l.**; Syrian or black bears, 12*l.*; Japanese or Himalayan bears, 15*l.*; sloths, 1*0*l.**; beavers, 4*0*l.** the pair; porcupines, 6*l.* each; agouti, 2*l.* A rhinoceros costs from 4*0*0*l.*** to 1,000*l.*; the one now in stock is a young one, and worth about 500*l.*; it feeds, the attendant told us, on "sloppy food," which Mr. Jamrach interpreted to mean pig-wash, and passes a serene existence in confinement, dividing its time between consuming as much as it can hold and going to sleep. Elephants are cheaper in this country than in India, an African elephant being now only worth about 60*l.*, and an Indian elephant from 150*l.* to 300*l.* Indian tapirs cost about 150*l.*, and the South American specimens from 30*l.* to 40*l.*; a llama or nyllgherie will fetch 30*l.* to 40*l.*, and a zebra is worth from 100*l.* to 150*l.*, while kangaroos are sold at from 10*l.* to 60*l.* the pair. Monkeys vary much in price, ranging from the tiny marmoset at 1*l.*, to the chimpanzee, or orang-outang at 100*l.* Most of the animals enumerated above might be found somewhat inconvenient in a private *ménage*, but birds are more manageable pets. Those who fancy them may purchase Australian finches, wimbles, Tasmanian devils, &c., at from 8*s.* to 2*l.* a pair; while parrots, parakeets, lories, &c., range from 8*s.* to 50*l.* the pair. Eagles, vultures, piping cranes, black swans, owls, and foreign waterfowl of all sorts are also to be had at this establishment, and snakes may be had alive or in pickle.

The system by which a business like this is carried on is necessarily a remarkable one, the principal methods by which the stock-in-trade is obtained being the following. Captains of ships trading to distant foreign ports frequently come to Mr. Jamrach, who supplies them with lists of wild animals with particulars of the price of each kind, and in some cases furnishes them with capital, which they lay out at their own risk in the purchase of such beasts as they may come across. Rather than come back empty-handed, they occasionally bring home the weapons and other curiosities which form the Museum of which we have spoken. Besides this method of procuring the "live stock," there are agents at Liverpool, Southampton, and Gravesend, as well as at the principal French, German, and Austrian ports, who board the vessels as they come in, and at once telegraph in cipher to the London house the arrival and price of any eligible animal. In more remote countries, too, Mr. Jamrach's agents are always on the look-out, and consign to him from time to time a few saleable commodities in the shape of a lion or two or a rhinoceros. Occasionally he despatches a traveller at his own risk to collect and bring home animals, but this part of the business more frequently involves loss than profit. Sometimes persons consign animals to merchants in London, and ask them to dispose of them in the best market; this is, of course, "Jamrach's," and the firm had obtained two gnus from the Cape in this way on the day before our visit. The birds and animals are mostly disposed of on the Continent to Zoological Gardens and dealers in live-stock.



The Zoological Societies there also from time to time sell their specimens to buy others in exchange, thus creating a constant demand, the supply from which comes almost entirely from Jamrach's. The taste for natural history specimens, alive and dead, is spread much more widely on the Continent than here in England, where it is almost entirely confined to the higher classes. Many noblemen have private collections of beasts of their own, and rare birds find a ready sale for their aviaries, ponds, and parks. The beauty and comparative cheapness of some of the Australian birds, however, seem to tempt those who cannot afford the larger and rarer "menageries," and the taste is gradually spreading amongst the middle and even the lower classes. On the Continent the poorest apartment is seldom without a cage of birds or some domestic pet. Hotel-keepers abroad, too, have very frequently good aviaries, from which their guests purchase specimens. Of course among such a large stock of birds a great many die; these are at once put aside for the bird-stuffers, who call every day for specimens, and the sale of these forms an important part of the business.

#### MORALISTS ON BLUE CHINA.

THERE is an interesting tribe of natives on the North-West frontier of India who acknowledge but three deadly sins. The first is the smoking of tobacco, the next is an indiscretion reproached by our own theologians, and the last deadly sin is to part one's hair in the middle. There is a simplicity about this prohibitory code which modern moralists would do well to imitate. In official Reports on native manners (which the natives help to pay for) the race to which we allude is spoken of rather rudely as "the superstitious Zips" (their real name is of no importance to the argument), and their ideas are held up to ridicule. Yet it is surely a wise thing to reduce the deadly sins to the utmost possible simplicity and to the smallest number. The tendency of modern moralists, and especially of virtuous pressmen, is, on the other hand, to add at random to the list of deadly sins. Every one must be edified by the virtue of penny-a-liners, and of some of the gentlemen who do the picture galleries. There is nothing like the austerity of pressmen, though Mr. Swinburne, carried away by his craze for alliteration, once compared it to the virtue of members of another profession. They have decided that a new deadly sin has appeared on the moral horizon, and this *dulce scelus, suave flagitium* (to quote an early Latin father), is the love of blue china.

These two simple words "blue china" have become—it is difficult to say why—a kind of railing accusation. They are hurled at the heads of poets and painters and people at large, much as charges of having robbed a church and murdered a sainted grandmother are tossed about in American political journals. The original sin of the porcelain in question seems to be its blueness. Yet an amateur who is fond of Dresden, or who collects Anatolian ware, or Rhodian tiles, or Persian lamps, nay, even people who have no ceramic tastes of any description, often fall under the stern reprimand of the newspaper preacher, just as if their abodes were full of old Nankin and the hawthorn pattern. The accusation of dealing in blue china is the modern counterpart of the charge of witchcraft, or of the vague Roman offence of insulting the Emperor. There is no way of disproving it, and, indeed, the mere charge is supposed to carry its own evidence with it. How heinous is the offence of being "mixed up," as people charitably say, with blue china, may be gathered from the practice of the novelists. The old romancers used to have a good stock of villains always on hand, tasteful and varied patterns which had long been approved of by discriminating public taste. There was the wicked earl, whose wickedness ran in certain well-known channels, and who generally died of passion and suppressed gout. There was the bad baronet. He persecuted rustic beauty, prosecuted interesting poachers, and often perished in consequence of a fall from his horse during a thunderstorm. We have also known him expire, blaspheming, when his yacht was struck by lightning, and in one noted case his skeleton was found in the hollow of an old oak-tree. Another favourite villain was the roaring pirate and smuggler of the Dirk Hatteraick type, while a fourth was the sanctimonious attorney. All these mischievous persons have resigned in favour of the newest villain out, the villain who is contaminated by a taste for blue china. We have not ascertained that this malevolent, but craven, wretch has ever been permitted by the novelist to do any real mischief. It is his intentions (which, like Wilkins Micawber, junior, he never carries out in any one direction) that are so baneful. There is a lurking devil in his china closet that would have frightened good Charles Lamb. "I have an almost feminine partiality for old china. When I go to see any great house I inquire for the china closet," says that essayist. In his time the profligate and abominable character of the taste had not been discovered, and he made remarks which we dare not quote, for fear of raising the blush on the cheek of modest journalists. Lamb will be allowed by the virtuous the same off-chance as some theologians give the old heathen philosophers. Not utterly condemned to torment, he will pass his days with the wise of the older world, who can say:—

Siamo perduti, e sol di tanto offesi  
Che senza speme vivemo in disio.

Charles Lamb sinned in loving blue china, but not against knowledge. He had not "sat under" the ethical critics of the fine arts. He was wont "to point out to his cousin certain specious

*miracula* upon a set of extraordinary old blue china, a recent purchase"; but if he lived now he would know better. He would use tea-cups adorned with the semblance of pink ribbon. It has been remarked, moreover, by a kindly critic that, even if Lamb did like porcelain, he partly redeemed his character for manliness by his taste for Irish stew (or was it cow-heel?) and gin-and-water. He was not altogether bad. But the curious spectacle of the taste of the last becoming the unpardonable sin of the present generation has led us away from the new villain of romance—the blue china villain.

We are fresh from making this person's acquaintance in a novel where he is guilty of the last and worst offence with which the romance-writer can brand a character. The blue-china villain, a young and strong man, has just been horsewhipped by an elderly and virtuous earl. To be horsewhipped in a novel is to be deeply stained indeed. There is no court of appeal; character is gone for ever. In the fiction to which we refer, it does not appear that the miscreant had been guilty of any other offence beyond liking porcelain. He aggravated this crime, however, in a horrid manner, by wearing a "silk smoking suit," at the moment when he was beaten like a hound. The heroes of the late Mr. Lawrence, tremendous people, any one of whom could pitch a colossal welsher over a horsepond, used to wear silk smoking suits, and it was counted to them for merit. They also adorned their arched insteps with slippers "daintily characterized with enigmatic monograms in embossed gold." Yet what used to be a decided virtue in the eyes of the novelists has become degraded by association with the produce of Satsuma and with old Nankin. So relative, when all is said, are the so-called absolute distinctions of human morality. When the Emperor Hwhang-ti invented blue china (his Majesty flourished in the mythic period of the Celestial Empire, about 5260 B.C.), he little thought that he was founding the most corrupt sect of the modern world.

There must be some obscure, though valid, reason for the earnestness with which the moralist now condemns certain forms of ceramic profligacy. One can imagine the explanation of the superficial critic. He would say that delicacy of satire is not the strong point of the English *feuilletonistes*. He would point out that the same scribblers are very gregarious animals, and that, if any one gives them a lead in any direction, they are apt to rush down that steep place with unnecessary clamour. Thus it only needs a clever writer to make a very obvious point, in an amusing way, and lightly to chastise the affectation of persons who pretend to live for the beautiful, and who can only find the beautiful in *bric-à-brac*. The success of a satire of that sort is a sufficient motive. At once the hack writers adopt the thing, and give it—as, to do them justice, they always do—a deeply moral meaning. They break the butterfly with iron poles, on tremendous wheels, on scaffolds as high as that which pleased Haman well. Another instance of the same practice was afforded in the last generation, or the generation before, by the hacks who were always talking about the "silver-fork school." To these persons, with their birth, breeding, and taste, silver forks seemed an outrage. Like many Englishmen they used the cold steel, when they ate peas, in the way still affected by the vigorous and unspoiled Teutonic race. The cry of "silver-fork school" was exactly analogous to the shriek of "blue china," which is raised, in season and out of season, by satirists who make up by their virulence for their want of originality.

This would be the explanation of the superficial observer. He would also hint that dull people are apt to envy and detest those who have tastes that they themselves do not possess. Suppose a writer on art to know nothing about it—not a very difficult thing to suppose. Let him rather detest all forms of plastic representations than otherwise; but let him, if he must have a preference, prefer pictures of Evangelical young ladies clinging to stone crosses in the midst of howling seas. He may also like canvases which recall to him Bible stories, and the three or four historical anecdotes of which he has a muddy and confused recollection. If a critic of this sort finds people admiring works which have nothing but colour, sentiment, drawing, and composition to recommend them, what will he do? He will write an article *en colère*, as the Paris newsboys used to say when they advertised a particularly ferocious essay in *Le Père Duchêne*. He will protest that every one who likes what he does not like is "an onf and an affected puppy." He will remember that he does not like blue china either, and he will lump all his aversions under that useful head. He will bethink him—and this is the moment when the angry critic is oddest and most amusing—that he is very righteous, and that all persons who like what he dislikes must be very wicked. He will draw the conclusion that some unlucky picture, by some unfortunate painter, is sapping the moral strength of the nation; and then he will rant in the most absurd way, and think he has done his duty as an æsthetic critic.

Mr. Ruskin is perhaps partly responsible for all these sermons out of place. Mr. Ruskin generally, if not always, likes the pictures that the moralist who thunders against blue china dislikes. He hates the pictures that the moralist admires. But his method is just the same, though the victims are different. He is just as likely to call the harmless painters of whom he does not approve "dishonest," "sensual," "corrupt," "devilish," and so forth, as the preacher from the opposite pulpit is to scream "morbid," "affected," "un-English," "unmanly," "debasing," "corrupting," "blue china." We are born into a pharisaical period, and we must take the consequences of the situation. Some of the zeal that finds eternal fault with porcelain is of the sort displayed by the apostle who

denounced *alabastra*. Meanwhile the price of the peccant article does not fall in the market. Perhaps people who liked blue china when it was innocent like it better now it is criminal. Already it is difficult to sin on less than 5,000*l.* a year. Soon millionaires will have the vicious passion all to themselves, like deer-stalking.

#### THE WEATHER AND THE WATERING-PLACES.

IN the general chorus of complaints over the calamities that are weighing upon the country it is difficult to distinguish the various voices; but we fancy that the hotelkeepers and lodging-house proprietors in the spring watering-places are likely to be as loud in their wail as most people. Of course the speculators in the pleasure resorts of the Midland hill country and the inclement North know pretty well what they have to expect. Their season is the summer; and though the summer may be longer or shorter, or may be such as might well be mistaken for a Scandinavian spring, yet there is sure to be summer of some kind or other. Buxton and Matlock, like Schwalbach and Schlangenbad, may be supposed to hibernate from November to June. It is to be hoped that their industrious inhabitants have laid up a store of supplies from which they may recruit their strength against the labours of their next harvest-time. The horses, overtaken in the season with dragging heavy carriage loads up the hills, have leisure to relax their muscles and recover their condition, and the bath-chairmen betake themselves to other pursuits, or migrate with the vendors of cheap crockery and fancy goods. By a fixed date they are assembled again, like the swallows, with a reasonable assurance of having lucrative occupation. The healing springs break forth perennially, and are the monopoly of highly-favoured valleys whose fame is thoroughly established. The pains of gout and rheumatism must be assuaged; and though the invalid, real or imaginary, may have held foreign bonds or dubious Bank shares, or be the owner of a mill that is working half-time, he sets health and ease before other considerations, and sacrifices anything in preference to his summer trip.

But the people who frequent the Southern sea resorts, as well as the natives who live by these strangers, are in a very different position. The winter visitors are gone. They may have flattered themselves, in spite of an abnormally low temperature, on having been at all events better off than their neighbours, and having got some comparative warmth for their money. But for those who would under ordinary circumstances have succeeded them, everything depends absolutely upon the weather. Unless they are bound to make the best of a solitary Bank-holiday, or of the few fleeting days in Easter week when they can slip their necks out of the collar, it seems to be no use going to the sea while the wind is persistently in the east. Their incomes have been crippled in these days of depression, and any money they can spare for their outings may as well be kept for the autumn. In the Mays of recent years the promenades of the more fashionable Southern watering-places have been sights to show to the intelligent foreigner. Nothing perhaps can give him a more striking idea of English wealth and English luxury. Interminable rows of palatial mansions, with their façades elaborately moulded in stucco, are sparkling through the transparent air in the sunshine. The art of the buildings may be debased and the construction flimsy in the extreme, but the rents are exorbitant, as he learns to his cost. Let the distantly-civil landladies demand what prices they please, they have no difficulty in finding tenants for their apartments. They "pile it up," as the Americans say, in fires and lights, make an extra of anything and everything beyond bare house-room, and dictate their own terms as to early dinners on Sundays. Half the ground-floor windows are thrown open to the balmy air, disclosing groups who have discarded their insular *mauvais honte*, and may be seen feasting in public like the French monarchs of old. Sumptuous hotels, towering tier over tier towards the skies, are filled to overflowing from basement to ceiling, and the lifts that save the legs of the occupants are running up and down like buckets in a well. Out of doors there is universal excitement and bustle. We cannot say that the mass of the motley crowd gives one a lively impression of the best society; but at any rate there is clearly a deal of money going among them. Most conspicuous perhaps is the cosmopolitan foreign element that fattens in easy times by dashing financial speculation. There are loud-voiced ladies with sallow or olive complexions flashing in golden chains and radiant in silks and satins tottering along in high-heeled boots and coquetting with their parasols festooned with lace. Some of the younger of these maids of the Orient are painfully wasp-waisted; but the matrons for the most part show signs of good living, and are bracing themselves in the sea air in the sanguine expectation of an unusually substantial repast. They are well matched by their obese cavaliers, in tightly-buttoned frock coats and lustrous patent leather boots, with diamond breast pins in their gorgeous scarves, and brilliant flaming from their sleeve links. Then there are careworn legislators and barristers and men of business who have rushed down to the coast for a few days' holiday, and who, having seldom the time to spend their money, make the very most of their rare opportunities. There is a sprinkling of real invalids and shattered *neurves*, and a host of hypochondriacs and dyspeptics, who, having impaired stomach and liver in a long course of excess, make attention to these organs the pursuit of their lives.

All these people, in their various ways, are munificently lavish in their expenditure. The local doctors are driving from door to door, pocketing their golden fees. The chemists are making up prescriptions, charging fancy prices for their drugs, as their fashion is, and sending home consignments of mineral waters. The counters and tables in the pastrycooks' are crowded with robust young women, swallowing ices and cakes as an interlude between meals. Each livery-stable is turning out its job carriages by the dozen, and sending round its strings of hard-worked hacks. The shop-windows exercise their usual attraction on the idle in a society where it is permissible to loungers to stand, stare, and be tempted. In fact, money will burn holes in the pockets, as the peripatetic vendors of poodles, bouquets, and shell-ware have learned to their advantage. In the grand hotels the Greeks and Hebrews and millionaires generally are curious in their selection from the *cartes*, and profuse in their orders from the cellars. The dinners may be good or indifferent, but they are quite sure to be dear enough; and if the flavour of the champagne seems to belie the brands, at all events you have the satisfaction of being charged for the wine as if the waiter who acts Ganymede had been dissolving pearls in it. In short, the purveyors to the tastes of the public are in clover; while anybody who has an eye to economy finds himself as much out of place as in an hotel in Brook Street in the height of the season, or in the grand tier at Covent Garden on a gala night.

Yet, after all, the people who appear to overcharge you may be really living like yourself at high-pressure pace. They are launched on bold speculations in the hope of proportionate returns. The rents of the fashionable lodging-houses are adjusted to normal rates of subletting; the joint-stock Companies that own the hotels have spent vast sums on ground-rents, building, and decoration; they have put their staffs on a war strength for the season, and must necessarily, in their speculative business, allow a broad margin for waste. The popular physician who seems to be coining gold may have paid a heavy price for the goodwill of his practice; and could we have a glimpse at the private books of the tradespeople, we might perhaps find that they had to pay exorbitant interest on advances before they came to calculate their net profits. The livery-stable-keepers may have to arrange with sleeping partners, and the very poodle and Scotch-terrier men may be doing their trade on commission. Rents are in arrear and bills are falling due at what ought to be the turn of an English year. No wonder they are all on the look-out for customers. No wonder they watch the signs of the season, and eagerly study the prognostications of the scientific weather-prophets in the daily papers. How they must execrate the ominous announcements of the storm depressions moving eastward across the Atlantic, and of the gales that are to fall due as punctually as their bills. They show a sympathetic depression themselves, and despondency gradually deepens into despair. In a protracted winter like that from which we have even yet not escaped, the scenes that should be cheerful and sunny wear an aspect that is the more melancholy by contrast with one's recollections. The rare stragglers who have found their way to the coast are seared by the bleak solitude about them. Fathers of families who would ordinarily come boldly with their households have ventured down tentatively with a single carpet-bag. The hotelkeeper is all obsequiousness, and the guest may have rooms over the grand staircase if he desires it. But the footfall echoes sadly in the deserted corridors, and the table-d'hôte is the shadow of what it ought to be. As for the endless blocks of the lodging-houses, there are "apartments to let" in every window. You have only to pick and choose, though the bargaining might amuse the cynic, reminding him of the dealings in an Eastern bazaar. The hirer, being hard up, is naturally hungry for gain, and is loth to spoil his future market. Yet he knows that his next-door neighbours on either hand are only too eager to overbid him. Whether the apartments, whatever you pay for them, may not be dear at the money is a question to be solved by experience. Probably after a single "day at the sea" you will answer it unhesitatingly in the affirmative. To most people the very essence of a seaside holiday is lounging and basking. But in a season like the present ulsters and sealskins should be one's only wear, and these in all probability have been left behind. Had the visitors thought of having to dress for Siberia they would never have left their peaceful firesides. Nothing but sharp and perpetual motion can keep the blood in circulation. They have to study the set of the wind, so as to avoid the bitter exposure round particular corners, and they welcome the shelter of the wooden tabernacles on the parade, or even congratulate themselves, on a pinch, as they crouch under some stranded boat. To the landward half the window-blinds in the deserted street are drawn down, and if they turn their eyes to the sea-view, the prospect is to the full as dismal. In place of the brilliant expanse of blue, or the lines of white-crested waves dancing merrily in the sunshine, there is a chill grey vapour weighing upon everything. You can barely distinguish the bold outlines of the distant headland, which is generally so picturesque a feature in the landscape; and there is a roughness in the air that rubs you sorely up against the grain. It searches out any latent infirmity in the liver, producing stagnation and torpidity, as the doctors tell you; it sends shooting twinges of rheumatism through the bones and joints, or develops a sharp attack of neuralgia, if you have the slightest tendency that way. Even hale and hearty men feel themselves unwontedly irritable, and, in place of being soothed into genial languor, give way to unwarrantable outbreaks of temper. Nor is there much in the company you meet to raise



your spirits, for you see a reflection of sour faces all around you. The rare promenaders on the parade share your sufferings, if they do not sympathize in them. The servants at the hotel are grumbling at the unusual scarcity of tips, and look to you to supply the shortcoming. The *chef* clearly thinks it hardly worth while to pay decent attention to the *entrées*, and turns the joints over to the care of a kitchen-maid. Your companions in the dining-room are in the dumps; the sherry and light claret fail to exhilarate them, and they take their sulks with them into the smoking-room. You retreat dismally to bed, with a fair chance of being haunted by nightmare in your broken slumbers; and when you awake in the morning it is with the melancholy conviction that your disappointments and worries are to begin *de capo*. Happily the means of retreat are open to you, since the railway station is within an easy cab drive. You pay your reckoning to a gloomy manager, who evidently resents your hurried departure, though he has done nothing to make your stay agreeable. For he knows that you will carry away an evil report of the place, and that you will warn your acquaintances to shun it like the plague; and even should his prospects brighten with a tardy improvement in the weather, it will be impossible to repair the losses of the spring.

#### HENRY v. THE QUEEN.

THERE can be no doubt that the duties of a Government Office with regard to inventors are somewhat difficult. It is necessary, on the one hand, to battle with or dismiss exorbitant or unreasonable claims, and, on the other, to see that real inventive skill is fitly rewarded. Allowance must therefore be made for those who have to dispense the public money, as their position is not unfrequently an embarrassing one; and, as they have constantly to deal with preposterous demands, it is better that they should err on the side of parsimony than on that of excessive liberality. A tendency to parsimony, however, if a fault on the right side, is still a fault, and one which occasionally produces very painful results. What is of great value may be poorly paid for, because officials have acquired a habit of cutting down charges, and do not always justly appreciate the worth of what they have to pay for on behalf of the public. The meritorious inventor is made to suffer because small inventors have persistently wanted a great deal too much. Injustice of this kind has apparently been done in a case on which the Court of Queen's Bench was called to adjudicate last week. Mr. Henry, part inventor of the Martini-Henry rifle, being dissatisfied with the remuneration which he had received from the War Office for his improvements in the rifle and in ammunition, brought an action against the Government. The Court held that on purely legal grounds he could not recover; but at the same time stated that in their opinion he certainly had not been generously treated. The case, in which the Judges took the somewhat unusual course of intimating that they sympathized with an unsuccessful plaintiff, is worth attention as showing that even the most successful inventors must not expect much from a public department.

The facts, as reported in the *Times*, are somewhat complicated and stretch over a considerable period. Thirteen years ago the then Secretary of State for War issued an advertisement inviting persons who interested themselves in gun-making to send specimens of rifles and ammunition for examination, and stating that a prize of 1,000*l.* would be given for the best rifle, and a prize of 400*l.* for the best kind of ammunition. In addition to this offer of prizes the advertisement contained a suggestion of further possible reward to inventors, conveyed in the following words:—"Such prizes to be independent of any reward which may be given to the inventor of the arm which may ultimately be adopted in the service," and "the Secretary of State will take care that no ingenious novelty produced in answer to this advertisement shall be adopted in the service without proper acknowledgment, and that the name of the individual with whom it originates shall be recorded in connexion with it." In response to this advertisement, Mr. Henry sent rifles and ammunition, and the Committee which had to decide on the merit of everything that was sent for examination awarded to him the prize for the best rifle, and to Mr. Daw the prize for the best ammunition. Subsequently, after further inquiry of a very careful and exhaustive nature, the Committee made in 1870 a report recommending the Martini-Henry rifle—that is, a weapon in which the breech invented by Mr. Martini was combined with a barrel invented by Mr. Henry, and the Boxer-Henry ammunition for adoption in the service. It was also recommended that Mr. Martini should receive a reward for the breech which he had devised, and Mr. Henry for his barrel and ammunition.

Mr. Henry, we should observe, had been asked in 1868 on what terms he would undertake to give assistance in the trials of the rifles which were to be made, and had named the very moderate sum of 135*l.*, adding, however, that he did not mean this estimate to be connected with what he might thereafter consider himself entitled to for communicating the knowledge of his invention to the Government. Being asked by the Secretary of State for War for an explanation of this statement, Mr. Henry replied that he had been for years occupied with experiments as to arms and ammunition which had cost him several thousand pounds, and that these had resulted in the improvements adopted by the Government, who, he was sure, would reward him in pro-

portion to the advantages derived from those improvements. He further said—on what grounds it would be interesting to learn—that he knew it was the practice of the Government to make honourable terms with inventors, and that he was willing to leave the amount to the Secretary of State for War. Clearly, therefore, Mr. Henry had, before the report of the Committee, intimated that he should consider himself entitled to a handsome sum, and when that Committee decided in favour of his rifle-barrel and ammunition, his claim was confirmed. As need hardly be said, the Martini-Henry rifle was, in consideration of their report, adopted in the British army; and it certainly appears that Mr. Henry had good reason to think that the undoubted services which he had rendered would be rewarded in a fitting manner.

What would be a proper reward for him seems to have somewhat exercised the official mind, for it was not until 1872 that a decision was come to respecting the amount he ought to receive. Then, having fully considered the matter, the Secretary of State for War awarded to the inventor 5,000*l.*, stating that this was "on account of production of new rifle, in full of all demands." Mr. Henry was not apparently so overwhelmed with the magnitude of this sum as to be made negligent; but, in giving a receipt for the money, took care to show that he accepted it in respect to his rifle merely. He acknowledged the receipt of the 5,000*l.* "on account of production of new rifle in full of all demands for same." He was willing apparently to take the money given him in discharge of all claims in respect of his rifle, but considered that this was certainly no more than he was entitled to for that weapon, and that he had a right to further payment for his ammunition. In this view, however, the authorities at the War Office altogether failed to coincide, and Mr. Henry, therefore, after what certainly seems a long delay, filed a petition of right against the Crown, claiming remuneration for his improvements in ammunition. To this the Crown lawyers pleaded that payment had been made for rifle and ammunition, and they also demurred on the ground, first, that there was no contract to pay him anything; and secondly, that the Crown could not be made liable for a breach of contract. It must be said that this legal assumption will seem somewhat startling to those who have dealings with the Government; but, important as the question of the liability of the Crown is, there is, no occasion to consider it now, as it does not seem to have been discussed in Mr. Henry's case. It was not necessary to consider whether the Crown was liable for breach of agreement, if no agreement had been made; and the Court held that Mr. Henry had failed to prove a contract with the Secretary of State, and therefore decided against the petition.

The Lord Chief Justice said, in giving judgment, that the advertisement could only be held to mean that the inventors who produced the best rifle and the best cartridge were to place them at the service of the State for the prizes which were offered, and that the statement that the prizes were to be independent of "any reward which may be given for the weapon adopted" was not a contract, but was merely "an inducement to the parties to compete for prizes." What, according to the Chief Justice's view, the advertisement in effect said was—"Produce the best weapon, we will give you 1,000*l.*, and for the best cartridge we will give you 400*l.*, and we may give you some further reward." It was true that the Committee had recommended that remuneration should be given for the improved ammunition as well as for the rifle, but the Secretary at War was not bound by this recommendation. Legally, then, the plaintiff had no case; but, though deciding in favour of the Crown, the Chief Justice appears to have been of opinion that the 5,000*l.* had really been awarded for the rifle, and that there had been no reward for the ammunition. He stated, indeed, when giving costs, as he was compelled to do, against the plaintiff, that he sympathized with him and considered him to have been hardly used. Mr. Justice Lopes, the other judge who heard the case, seemed also to think that the remuneration received by Mr. Henry was inadequate.

These expressions of judicial sympathy were not unnatural, for, considering the undoubted merit of the Martini-Henry rifle, Mr. Henry certainly appears to have been treated in a very illiberal manner. The course followed by the War Office was not wanting in ingenuity, but it was such as no private person who desired to keep a name for fair dealing would care to adopt. In the first place, an advertisement was issued which, though it did not legally bind the Government to give anything beyond the prizes, was so worded as to lead competitors to believe that those who brought forward inventions of real value might expect to be handsomely rewarded. Mr. Henry placed at the disposal of the authorities inventions which were undoubtedly of great value; and, in answer to a question from the Secretary at War, intimated very clearly that he should think himself entitled to a handsome reward, and stated that his improvements were the result of experiments which he had conducted during a long period and at the cost of several thousand pounds. Of course this statement may have been exaggerated; but the officials might easily have asked for proof of its accuracy, and indeed ought to have done so if they desired to estimate rightly what would be a just reward to him for his inventions. After the communication between Mr. Henry and the War Office, the Committee endorsed his claim to handsome remuneration by stating that, in their opinion, he was entitled to a reward for his rifle-barrel and ammunition. Surely, then, this inventor was entitled to liberal treatment, and ought to have received more than the sum

which, after thinking over the matter for so long, the War Office authorities awarded him. If his statement as to the expense of his experiments is correct, a considerable proportion of what was given him must be set aside as being only the repayment of money spent, and the actual remuneration which he has gained for his labour and for the inventive skill he has displayed is therefore small indeed. The country certainly seems to have made a very good bargain with Mr. Henry. For his improvements in the rifle, a very moderate sum has been paid; for his improvements in ammunition, nothing at all; but nevertheless it may be doubted whether much gratitude will be felt to the War Office for their adroit transaction. Having to deal with an inventor who had a real claim on them, they gave him but scant pay, and when a justifiable attempt to obtain more was made, sheltered themselves behind the ambiguous wording of an advertisement which said, not that a reward would be given, but that a reward might be given. As we have said, the position of those who have to deal with inventors is a difficult one, and it is, no doubt, necessary for a public department to take every precaution against unreasonable demands; but officials should be able to discriminate, and should not drive hard bargains with those who have placed really valuable inventions at the service of the Government.

#### STREET ACCIDENTS.

**H**UMAN sympathy is one of the boasted characteristics of the modern spirit, but it is perhaps of all moral qualities the most wayward and capricious in expression. Although the supply is amply sufficient to meet all emergencies, we can never be sure that it will respond with any kind of regularity to the measure of human suffering and misfortune. It is sometimes lavishly expended upon the most trivial provocation, and it is often as grudgingly withheld in circumstances of the utmost gravity. We once heard of an old lady who wept regularly every morning over the record of deaths in the first column of the *Times*, and although her conduct is not to be commended for imitation, her sorrow and pity were at least consistently displayed. Society is often beguiled into shedding tears with no more justice or reason, and when its sympathies have been exhausted in such sentimental exercises anything in the shape of real misfortune is very coldly received. We much doubt, for example, whether the Parliamentary Return of Street Accidents, which has just been issued, will wring a tear even from the most susceptible of human creatures. The news of a military engagement in which four thousand of our troops had been wounded would produce a feeling of the deepest melancholy; but the intelligence that, during the last year, no less than three thousand nine hundred and sixty-one persons have been injured by accidents in the London streets, will be quietly accepted as a piece of curious statistical information. To be run over by a cab or to be knocked down by a butcher's cart affords no title to the sympathy of your fellow-men. Such casualties have become so completely a part of our daily life that they have lost any picturesque element they might at one time have possessed. When bicycles were first introduced the novelty of the danger did indeed serve for a while to give a certain interest to street accidents. The world was wearied of being injured by ordinary vehicles; but to be wounded by a bicycle was a new experience, of which numbers of persons hastened to take advantage. Considering the spirit with which these ingenious machines were at first employed, it is almost disappointing to find how small a bag the bicycle-riders have made during the past twelve months. They have only injured nine persons, all told; quite a beggarly account compared to what can be shown by the drivers of light carts. The enterprising butcher-boy, according to the Parliamentary paper, still defies all rivalry in this particular accomplishment. The cabman comes next in order of merit; but it is the driver of the light cart that has done the real execution, and his most successful hunting-grounds have been the outlying suburbs of London. The number of fatal accidents mounts up to the respectable number of 166. Of these the City claims only nine, while Stepney heads the list with twenty-one, and Camberwell, Hampstead, Paddington, and Highgate follow in honourable competition. There is no doubt that in the City the driver of the light cart labours under considerable disadvantages. The thoroughfares are so crowded that he has not the means of getting up the speed necessary for successful adventure; and, apart from this consideration, he suffers much from the harassing interference of policemen stationed at various points to regulate the traffic. But in the suburbs he is more his own master. The roads are tolerably clear of other vehicles, and hence the unwary foot-passenger becomes inspired with just sufficient confidence to make him an easy victim to a really spirited driver.

Perhaps Lord Templemore, who moved for the return from which we have quoted these figures, may have some novel means of restraint to propose to the Legislature. That the drivers of light carts can be persuaded to abandon altogether their present mode of enjoyment we are not sanguine enough to believe, but something might doubtless be done for the better regulation of an established pastime. In one form or another the practice of chariot-racing might possibly be revived, and on those constantly recurring Bank holidays when tradesmen refuse to supply their customers with provisions, the unemployed horses and carts might fitly engage in exciting contests of speed and daring. This would afford a legitimate opportunity for the display of qualities that are

now so sadly misapplied, and, if accidents occurred, the injury would at any rate be confined to a particular class. But, save in regard to the representatives of this class, whose youth and courage form an admitted source of danger to the pedestrian, we gravely doubt whether street accidents are as a rule to be charged to the fault of the drivers of vehicles. The pedestrian, it is true, is the person who usually suffers; but it by no means follows that he is therefore free from blame. Mr. Carlyle's belief that the greater number of men and women are by nature fools is strongly confirmed by the experience of the London streets. Nowhere are inherent defects of character so strongly and generally expressed; and it is scarcely too much to say that the majority of men and women are entirely ignorant of the proper mode of crossing a crowded thoroughfare. They are timid when they ought to be brave, and reckless when they have most need of prudence. They will wait upon the curbstone until the long-suffering driver begins to think that they have abandoned the idea of crossing at all, and then, just as he is about to continue his course, they seize the occasion to throw themselves beneath the horse's feet. Our wonder is not that so many people have been injured in the public streets, but rather that so many escape. And that they do escape is due, we think, in no small measure to the skill with which London vehicles are driven. Our cabmen are not perhaps to be described with exactness as picked men, and in the matter of civility many of them have much to learn. But although they may not be specially gifted by nature, they do undoubtedly acquire, in the practice of a dangerous and difficult calling, an amount of ingenuity in avoiding accidents for which the race of foot-passengers has good reason to be thankful. And as we expect a cabman or a carrier to know how to drive, so we have a right to expect that the pedestrian should on his side acquire the simpler art of crossing a street. Without this accomplishment a city like London is unquestionably a very dangerous place of residence; but it is, we think, not a whit more dangerous than the great cities of other countries. Those who are familiar with the ways of the Paris cabman will be ready to admit that he has, as a rule, less consideration for his victims, and far inferior skill in the management of his horse. He will run down an unfortunate foot-passenger out of mere ignorance of the first principles of his craft, for he constantly suffers from that mixture of timidity and recklessness which we have noticed as the characteristic of so many persons who brave the perils of our own streets. Nor on the side of official control is there much to be learned from the example of other nations. Persons who desire to cross one of the crowded Boulevards at Paris have to trust entirely to their own resources. There is scarcely any attempt to guide or regulate the traffic in such a way as to secure an occasional passage from one side of the street to the other; whereas in London at most of the difficult and crowded centres the police render very valuable assistance as well to the occupants of vehicles as to the travellers on foot. Indeed the present return very clearly shows that where the intervention of the police is urgently needed it is already adequately supplied, for in the quarter which contains the most crowded thoroughfares accidents are rarer than elsewhere. This is no doubt partly due to the fact that the inhabitants of the City are, as a rule, better acquainted with the art of crossing a street. No sane person would think of crossing from the Mansion House to the Bank with that reckless air of forlorn hope which is characteristic of so many foot-passengers who may daily be seen rushing from one side of Regent Street to the other.

But although we doubt whether it would be possible to recommend any general measures of precaution which have not already been adopted, something might still be done to punish individual offenders. It would, for instance, be no great hardship to the community if rival omnibuses were forbidden to race at full speed along the principal thoroughfares. We pardon this kind of exhibition in the case of a fire-engine on account of the assumed urgency of its mission, and even with fire-engines it sometimes becomes a question whether life should be endangered for the sake of saving property. But omnibuses have, according to any view, a more modest function in the conduct of human affairs, and it would be only becoming to insist that they should proceed at a more modest pace. Nor is it evident that they are free from responsibility merely because in an official return only a few accidents are laid to their charge. Cumbersome vehicles of this kind urged forward at racing-speed are calculated to derange the entire traffic of a street and to increase the difficulties which beset the safe conduct of smaller craft. Some means might also be devised to discourage tradesmen from entrusting their carts to the care of small boys who are often too young to appreciate the perils they create. The majority of them are quite unfit to manage a horse at all, and it is difficult to believe that their masters are unaware of the reckless habits of driving which they seem deliberately to cultivate. The proposal that has sometimes been made for the erection of foot-bridges raised above the roadway would obviously not meet the case of these suburban charioteers, for it would be impossible to bridge over the countless streets of the districts surrounding London. Such bridges would, however, be a substantial gain in the central quarters of the town, and they might easily be so contrived as to add a picturesque feature to the appearance of the City. They would be useful for cleanliness as well as for safety, and in such a climate as ours this deserves consideration.



During the series of winters that have intervened since last we saw the sun there has scarcely been a week in which a series of bridges across a thoroughfare like Regent Street would not have been a real boon to the community. If their establishment did not serve to lessen accidents, it would at least allay the fears of those to whom the crossing of a street is a painful ordeal, and it would save all pedestrians from the shower of wet mud from which even the coolest and most prudent foot-passenger cannot escape.

#### THE SUBURBAN RACE NUISANCE.

IT has been often said that Englishmen take pleasure in a grievance, and we are by no means certain that they derive no enjoyment from a nuisance. It was only after great difficulty and opposition that the licence for dancing was withdrawn a short time ago from the Argyll Rooms. People reputed to be sane, and of undoubted respectability, gave evidence that they had visited that place of entertainment and had found it conducted in an unexceptionable manner, and for many years there seemed to be no hope of its suppression. This week a Bill was accepted by the House of Lords which was aimed against low suburban race-meetings, and yet several statesmen of reputation threw every possible difficulty in the way of the measure.

That an ill-conducted race-meeting held within the suburbs of London is an unmixt evil can scarcely be doubted by any sensible person. An assemblage of betting men of the lowest class, pickpockets, and vagabonds of every description, upon a few acres of grass is a bad thing; but the dispersion of that choice assemblage, chiefly in a state of drunkenness, in a quiet neighbourhood, is an even worse thing. That a peaceful suburban district should be used as a filter through which to pass a tipsy, thieving, and ruffianly crowd could scarcely, one would imagine, be to the credit of our civilization; yet, strange to say, a Bill intended to eradicate the evil met with very strong opposition in the House of Lords. The non-contents did not deny the gravity of the nuisance against which the Bill was aimed, nor was it controverted that measures ought to be taken for the suppression of the nuisance; but it was seriously urged that it was rather the prerogative of the Jockey Club than of Parliament to interfere in the matter. Members of what used to be considered the highest legislative assemblage in the land spoke in terms of submissive respect of a body which they really seemed to look upon as superior to their own. They probably reflected that every English peer is a member of the House of Lords, but that only a limited number are members of the Jockey Club. We have known masters who have been afraid of their servants, and the speech of the Lord President of the Council reminded us strongly of such people. It is the butler's place to exercise control over the other servants; if, therefore, the master personally blows up a footman, there may be danger of the butler considering that his prerogatives have been interfered with. Some such notion as this may prompt nervous legislators to dread encroachments upon the prerogatives of the Jockey Club, though of what awful consequences they are afraid is not quite so clear. Can it be that they fear lest the Jockey Club may "give notice," and offer its services to France or America? We might be able to make some allowance for the feelings of masters well trained in habits of submission to overbearing upper servants, if this were a case in which the just prerogatives of an inferior authority were in danger of being infringed by a higher; but it happens that in this instance it was not so much against the bad management of the races themselves that the outcry had been raised, as against the congregation of ruffians which a race meeting, whether good or bad, has a tendency to assemble, when it is held in the suburbs of a city like London. The whole question, therefore, appertained far more to the Legislature than to a body of gentlemen which frames the rules under which races shall be run. Wretched as was the quality of the horses (and jockeys) which usually took part in small metropolitan races, it is probable that few philanthropists would have troubled themselves much on this score; but as a question of police management, the suppression of such races is a matter on which one would fancy there could be but one opinion. Many measures adopted by the Jockey Club merit high commendation; but, exalted as are the functions of that body, they scarcely include the duty of social reformation. The Jockey Club may regulate the arrangements of handicaps and weight-for-age races, and assign penalties to welters and persons whose names appear in the forfeit list; but inquiries into the proceedings of gangs of blackguards among villas in the London suburbs are altogether beyond its province. The Duke of Richmond's and Lord Redesdale's argument that the Bill would encroach upon the duties of the Jockey Club was about as cogent as would be a pretence that no policeman ought to arrest a drunken man on land under the control of the Commissioners of Woods and Forests. If a whole neighbourhood were to be disturbed by the riotous proceedings of a club at a public-house, the police authorities would not refrain from interference on the ground that the committee of the club had power to prevent such disturbance, even if that committee included men of respectability. We should like to know what consolation the inhabitants of villas near suburban racecourses would derive from reading that such and such Dukes, Marquesses, and Earls are on the Committee of the Jockey Club. What is the Jockey Club to them, and what protection has it ever afforded them? It is one thing to possess a splendid mansion in a quiet district close to one of the most beau-

tiful and best conducted racecourses in England, and quite another to be the owner of a small villa on the road to a Metropolitan race-meeting. The question whether the supporters of the Bill were prepared to extend its scope indefinitely was palpably absurd. It would have been equally reasonable to inquire why people should not be prosecuted for hunting in Leicestershire if they are not allowed to gallop about in nursery gardens in the vicinity of large cities. The pretext that the House of Lords ought not to legislate upon the subject of Metropolitan race-meetings because the Jockey Club has power to suppress them was worthy of an Irishman, even of a Home Ruler. Here was an assemblage of full-grown men requested to refrain from suppressing a nuisance within its control because another body who failed to suppress it had power so to do. Why the Lord President of Her Majesty's Privy Council should think it expedient to denounce a measure strongly supported by his colleague at the Home Office is another puzzle which we are at a loss to understand.

The memorial presented by the Stewards of the Jockey Club to the Prime Minister is quite a curiosity in its way. The Duke of Richmond made quotations from it as if it were a document of incalculable importance. Here was an utterance from the infallible authority itself. *Roma locuta est, causa finita est*. This statement denies that the Jockey Club is open to any charge of negligence in discouraging small and ill-conducted race meetings, and it asserts that that august body will be condescending enough to listen to any suggestions which may be respectfully made to it by the Home Secretary. The Stewards "beg to represent to Her Majesty's Ministers that, as far as they are able to gather from brief reports of debates in the House of Commons, where this question seems to have been subjected to a very limited amount of discussion, it would appear that the Bill has been mainly advocated upon the alleged ground that the Jockey Club does not possess the power to deal with meetings held within the contemplated area; and further, that if it did possess that power, it has hitherto neglected to take the requisite action." What do the Stewards mean by "as far as they are able to gather from brief reports of debates in the House of Commons"? Do they intend to imply that they are only in the habit of reading the summary of Parliamentary proceedings which precedes the leading articles in the *Times*, or that they confine their studies to the sporting press? Perhaps they wish to hint that the proper course for the two Houses of Parliament to have taken would have been to offer humbly to the Club a full and official report of the speeches which had been made on the Bill, accompanied by a modest memorial. The statement observes that "the Jockey Club require a guarantee from all promoters of race-meetings that adequate arrangements be made for the maintenance of order during the meetings." The Houses of Parliament might fairly reply, "Thank you for nothing." Of what value is a guarantee which the guarantors do not carry into effect? The Jockey Club seem to forget that it is not only "during the meetings" that those who live in the neighbourhood of racecourses wish order to be maintained. These unhappy beings may not take a very deep interest in what occurs at the actual meeting itself; but they are closely concerned with the behaviour of the racing mob on its way to, and more especially from, the course. It was ridiculous for the Club to wish Parliament to abstain from suppressing suburban race-meetings on the plea that order is maintained during those meetings, when it is the conduct of the race-goers after the meetings which is more especially complained of. We do not deny that the Jockey Club have devised certain mild measures which tend more or less to the discouragement of small gate-money meetings, resulting, in some few cases, in their suppression; but the general character of its legislation on the subject has been of the weakest possible description. It appears to us, for instance, a mere farce to point to the publication of the following notice in the *Racing Calendar* as if it were a complete measure of Turf reform:—"The Stewards of the Jockey Club beg to call the attention of gentlemen undertaking the office of stewards of race-meetings to the responsibility which they incur for the proper management of such meetings, and express their hope that gentlemen will not accept the office unless they intend to be present, or are fully satisfied as to the arrangements for the conduct of the meeting." Now this notice, in itself, is worthy of all praise, and we took occasion to call attention to it when it first appeared; but polite advice, however valuable, does not constitute effective legislation, nor must it be too readily assumed that every man who may consent to accept the office of steward of a race-meeting may be depended upon to read the *Racing Calendar*.

During the debate on Monday evening one peer expressed jealousy of any measure tending to hamper the amusements of the people. That the favourite amusement of a large number of our fellow-subjects is to get drunk and make beasts of themselves, we are fully aware; but we cannot sympathize with the speaker's benevolent scruples about interfering with such tastes; and we fear that the powers which he seems to hold in such high respect have not hitherto been able to maintain that "tranquillity at race-meetings" in which he appears to have such a beautiful and childlike faith. Most people who have the misfortune to know by personal observation what the race-meetings in question really are will wish every success to a measure which is aimed against an abominable nuisance.

## THE GERMAN SURPLUS SILVER.

DURING the past fortnight we have had two very striking reminders of the influence which the German stock of surplus silver continues to exercise over the market. In addition to the old and abiding demands for the metal, a new demand has of late sprung up in several quarters. The depreciation has proceeded so far that in Austria-Hungary silver is now actually of less value than the forced paper-money; and consequently it pays to buy silver in London, get it coined in Austria or Hungary, and put it in circulation. This was found out by bullion dealers, and during the past couple of years a considerable amount has been sent to the Austro-Hungarian mints. Quite lately the Government stopped the coinage on private account, but it continues to coin for the State, and the occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina has required a considerable expenditure in silver. Russia also has occasionally been a purchaser during the past few months, and Spain within a fortnight has come into the market; and this week a hundred thousand pounds' worth has been taken by a buyer regarding whom much mystery is observed. While thus the demand has grown, and promises to grow much more quickly in the near future—Italy, for example, having begun to prepare for resumption—the supply is rapidly shrinking. The great fall in prices has made the working of the least fertile mines unprofitable. We showed a few months ago that, whether owing to this cause or to the gradual exhaustion of the mines, the production in the United States has fallen off; and it has still more sensibly diminished elsewhere. This was inevitable, since an ore which yielded no more than ordinary profit at 60d. per ounce can obviously not pay at 50d. and under. Besides, the Bland Act is using up the whole American output. From a statement made the other day by Mr. Sherman it appears that what is called fractional money—that is, small change and trade dollars, or dollars with 15 per cent. less silver than the standard, and intended for the Eastern market—has been coined to the nominal value of 18 millions sterling, and, in addition, full-weight legal tender dollars are being coined at the rate of 400,000l. per month. Thus it happens that the supply in the London market since the beginning of the year has been very scanty. Under ordinary circumstances this would have produced a sharp rise of price, but none such has taken place, because it is known that Germany has an immense stock, and that she is ready to sell at 50½d. per ounce. Thus last week, when Spain wanted 70,000l. worth, the amount was not to be had in London, and the purchase was made from Germany at the price just specified. This week, again, a still larger purchase was made under similar circumstances. It is obvious that, if Germany had held out for an advance, she must have obtained it. And it is equally obvious that, if the German sales were completed, a very rapid rise must set in. At current market rates the ordinary requirements of the world, even with silver coinage suspended in the countries of the Latin Union, and with export to the East checked by the prevailing trade depression and by the consequences of famine, cannot be supplied from the mines. It is, then, a matter of great moment to ascertain, as nearly as may be, the quantity of silver still to be disposed of by Germany, and the length of time that will probably be consumed in clearing it off. Fortunately, we are furnished with the means of making a pretty close estimate by the publication of a *Denkschrift* which was laid before the Reichstag in February last.

This report, to use the equivalent English term, is the seventh that has been issued; and it brings down to the end of last year the history of the measures taken to carry out the laws for giving Germany a uniform coinage based on the single gold standard. From it we learn that of the old silver moneys of the various German States there had been demonetized and called in all the pieces of the gulden system, a portion of the one-thaler pieces, and the whole of the larger and smaller thaler pieces; so that at present of those old coinages there remains in circulation only part of the one-thaler currency. The pieces cried down and withdrawn have been melted down, a portion has been recoined and reissued as 5, 2, 1, ½, and ¼ mark pieces, and the remainder has either been sold or is still on sale. The recoinage amounts to 21,355,544l. sterling. But we need occupy ourselves no further with it, and we pass on to the stock which weighs upon the market. The total quantity melted down and intended for sale amounted to 7,144,462·6 pfund of fine silver; and at the end of December there had been sold 6,727,151 pfund, leaving only 417,311·6 pfund in the hands of the German Government. The value of the pfund of fine silver at the price that used to obtain before this recoinage operation began was, 93·458 marks (the mark is not quite equal to a shilling, though reckoned so for convenience sake), and the average price actually obtained upon sale was 80·154 marks. Consequently the loss on sale was 13·304 marks per pfund, or upon the amount sold nearly 4½ millions sterling. Even at the old valuation of 93½ marks per pfund, the quantity actually called in and not sold at the end of December last was under two millions sterling. Since New Year's Day sales have been going on, but to what extent exactly there are no data to show. We know that from time to time sales have been made here in London, and there are grounds for believing that a portion was shipped directly to the East, and that both Russia and Austria-Hungary effected purchases. The quantity on hand at the end of December has therefore been reduced. But we need not press the point. At the outside, the quantity cannot have been very large.

The difficulty of obtaining gold and the delay in coining it made

the withdrawal of silver a very slow process. It was not till 1876 that any very large quantity, 1,183,000 pfund, was called in; the next year the withdrawal exceeded 3,300,000 pfund; and last year it fell to 1,320,000. The sales were equally slow. Down to the end of 1876 the quantity disposed of was only 2,236,357 pfund; but in 1877 as much as 2,868,096 pfund were sold; and even last year, low as the price was, 1,622,698 pfund were got rid of. But these figures have now little more than an historical interest. The point that really concerns us is the amount of silver still to be withdrawn. We have seen above that there now remains in circulation only a portion of the one-thaler coinage, and the question is to ascertain how much that is. This cannot be done with complete accuracy; but an approximate estimate can be made sufficiently close for all practical purposes. It appears that the total amount of the 2, 1, and ½ gulden pieces issued from the various German mints was 119,468,899 gulden, and of these, upon demonetization, there were paid in 91,025,283 gulden. There must therefore have been lost, exported, or previously melted down, 28,443,616 gulden, or about 24 per cent of the original coinage. Of the larger and smaller thaler pieces there were coined 164,140,289 thalers, and there were paid in on demonetization 133,607,225 thalers. The loss, therefore, was in this case 30,533,064 thalers, or about 19 per cent. Taking the thalers and the gulden together, we find that on demonetization there was missing about 20 per cent. Now let us apply the results thus reached to the one-thaler currency. The total coinage of one-thaler pieces amounted to a little less than 60 millions sterling. If we assume that 20 per cent. or one-fifth of this has been lost in the course of time, there would remain 48 millions sterling to account for, and, as 30 millions sterling of the one-thaler pieces have already been called in, there would still be in circulation about 18 millions sterling. If, on the other hand, we assume that 24 per cent. of the gulden proportion, has been lost, there would remain of the original 60 millions coined, only 45½ millions to be accounted for, and, 30 millions having been withdrawn, there would remain in circulation barely 15½ millions sterling. Lastly, if we assume that, as in the case of the very small thaler pieces, only one-tenth has been lost, there would still be in circulation 20 millions sterling. We thus arrive at the conclusion that the stock to be still called in is between 15 and 20 millions sterling, to which has to be added about a million melted down, but not yet disposed of. If we say, then, roughly that the amount which may yet come upon the market is about 18 millions sterling, we shall probably be not far wrong.

Whether the whole of this sum will be sold is another question. There are very loud complaints, especially from South Germany, of the scarcity of silver money. It is even said that the new Austrian silver pieces are making their way in large numbers across the frontier to satisfy the want that is felt. Germany is a poor country, its transactions are generally small, and gold consequently is little suited to its requirements. The Government, therefore, is strongly urged to increase the silver coinage. It is by no means certain that it will do so, but it is possible that it may.

## THE PICTURE GALLERIES.—No. III.

WE have already spoken of several important pictures in the third gallery at the Royal Academy. Among the portraits we have as yet left unnoticed Sir Frederick Leighton's masterly portrait of Professor Costa (243) and Mr. Frank Holl's of Mr. Cousins, R.A. (189). This is a work of much merit and strength, and affords to us at least a far better justification of Mr. Holl's election as an Associate than was given by any of his former "sensational" works which are perhaps in a certain sense more attractive to the general public, who are likely for some time to come to prefer illustrations of commonplace incidents to the Shakspearian canvases suggested by Lord Beaconsfield. Mr. Briton Rivière's picture (195) called "The Poacher's Widow," to the title of which is appended a quotation from Kingsley's ballad, contains a vast number of admirably-painted animals and birds, an impossible moon, and a figure of a woman, which suggests rather that she is thinking of the best methods of trapping and snaring the creatures round her than that she is in the frame of mind described in the quotation. Near this is a small picture (198) by Mr. S. A. Hart, R.A., representing an interview between Ferdinand and Isabella and the Jews. This, like Mr. Cope, R.A.'s picture of "Hamlet and Ophelia" (232), has many touches of a perhaps too obvious humour. Mr. O'Connor's "Granada and the Alhambra from San Nicola" (210) is a very bright and clever piece of work, with a wonderfully clear sky, and without a trace of the tendency to coldness of colouring which has sometimes been found fault with in Mr. O'Connor's painting. The picture is unfortunately hung so high that it is impossible to see it satisfactorily without a glass. Another charming landscape is Mr. Hennessy's "The Aftermath" (236), which is full of true and tender feeling. Mr. Peter Graham's "Cloudland and Moor" (219) is remarkable for much excellence in the treatment of the sky; and Mr. Macbeth's "The Land of Argyle" (222) is a strong and daring representation of an effect which people who are not intimate with Scotch scenery may be disposed to think exaggerated. The largest of Mr. Alma-Tadema's contributions is in this room. It is called "Down to the River" (238), and represents a party of Romans descending a flight of steps to take boat on the Tiber. The composition is strikingly original and effective. The picture has a marvel-



lous quality of light and depth of atmosphere; there is only one long strip of clear blue sky seen above the bridge, which stretches across the canvas, but one seems to see miles away into its distance. One of the most important landscapes in the room is Sir Robert Collier's "The Matterhorn" (280). Sir Robert Collier has long been noted for his successful treatment of Swiss scenery. In this work he has, it seems to us, reached a greater height of excellence than he has before attained. The picture has much of that power of conveying a sense of atmosphere upon which we have just commented. The peak stands out, towering over all near it, clearly and solidly against a depth of that perfectly clear sky which on fortunate days one gets in the Alps. The foreground is well painted and admirably chosen so as to set off the grandeur of the towering mountain. The picture is one which one likes to look at for a long time. Mr. Vicat Coles's "Ripening Sunbeams" (245) we have already referred to. Herr Munthe sends a snow-scene (253), which is a successful instance of his well-known method. The President, besides the portrait of Professor Costa, has a very beautiful study of a girl called "Amarilla" (289). Mr. Marks, R.A.'s "Old Friends" (251) seems to us one of the painter's happiest productions.

In the fourth room the same painter has another work—his diploma-picture—"Science is Measurement" (379), which is as good as possible in execution and full of Mr. Marks's peculiar humour. The same gallery contains some very curious specimens of the work of elder members of the Academy, to which it is perhaps needless to make special reference. Mr. Boughton has a very pretty and tender work called "A Resting-place" (339). Mr. A. C. Gow sends "No Surrender" (324), a fine and strong picture representing a handful of French soldiers brought to bay at the top of a barn, whence one of them fires his flintlock down an opening at the enemy. Mr. Burgess has a clever picture called "The Student in Disgrace; a Scene in the University of Salamanca" (357), and near this hangs Mr. Alma-Tadema's "Pomona Festival" (351). In this picture we have a group dancing in a garden, the trees of which are hung with votive offerings, and in which the hyacinths assume a pleasing and quaintly symmetrical aspect. One of the party, a man, whose back is turned to the spectator, leaps from the ground in the exuberance of his spirits. The grouping in the hands of a less great master than Mr. Alma-Tadema might very easily have become far from graceful. As it is, we scarcely know whether or not to prefer this to the picture called "A Hearty Welcome," already spoken of. The "Pomona Festival" is a smaller picture, but conveys to the full as vivid an idea of space, and is naturally more full of motion. As a feat of draughtsmanship and painting it is perhaps superior to the other, in that it catches and fixes a momentary action; and yet one can hardly believe that one would ever weary of looking at it. As a general rule, to attempt such a feat is hazardous; the result suggests too forcibly the limits by which the art of painting is bounded. We cannot think of any modern picture which has overcome the difficulty of depicting a mere instant in a series of physical movements so successfully as Mr. Alma-Tadema's "Pomona's Festival." Mr. Marcus Stone's pretty and quaintly old-fashioned picture in this gallery, "In the Shade" (362), calls for a special word of praise.

In the fifth gallery are hung two Indian figures—one of them is only semi-Indian, as it represents the European wife of the Emperor Akbar—by Mr. Val. Prinsep, "The Roum-i-Sultaun" (409), and "Study of H. H. Sujjan Sing, Maharana of Oodeypore" (422). Both works are fine in colour, the former especially so, and are well worth looking at. Mr. Keeley Halsewelle sends a picture called "Gathering Clouds, Medmenham" (401), which bears witness at once to his power and his versatility. No one, looking at this extremely well-painted Thames scene, with a foreground covered with water-lilies darkening under the shadow of the storm that is collecting its forces overhead, with the chill impression that precedes such a storm caught on the canvas and communicated to the onlooker, would readily guess that it came from the same hand which painted the bright Roman figure picture already referred to. Mr. Halsewelle may be congratulated on having given such different and excellent examples of what he can do. Mr. Hodgson has in this room perhaps the most truly humorous picture he has ever painted, executed with his accustomed care. It is called "Gehazi, the Servant of Elisha" (394), and represents Gehazi alone with his ill-gotten gains, with a distant view through an open window of the people whom he has despoiled. Nothing could be better than the mixture of expressions blended and expressed in Gehazi's face and figure. The work is full of cleverness and character. There is a great charm in Mr. Boughton's "Priscilla" (408). Mr. Colin Hunter's "Their Only Harvest" (433) has been wisely purchased, under the terms of the Chantrey Bequest, by the President and Council of the Royal Academy. The painting is strong, clear, and fine; the figures seem alive, and the waves are full of light and movement; one can almost hear the seaweed washing against the side of the boat. Mr. Peter Graham's "The Seabirds' Resting-place" (447) is one of his best representations of the private life of birds, by lapping green sea-water beneath imposing rocks, that he has yet given us. Mr. Nicol Watson sends a picture with a title identical with that of Mr. Gow's, "No Surrender" (454). Here, however, instead of French soldiers, we have cavaliers besieged in an old hall, the door of which is already ablaze with the faggots of the enemy. The centre is occupied with a striking figure of a man sword in hand and with his body bent, in eager watching for the moment to strike the advancing foe.

At the Grosvenor Gallery Professor W. B. Richmond, besides

the "Sarpedon" spoken of in our first article, exhibits a group of smaller pictures, the most pleasing of which is, to our thinking, "Phidyle" (8)—

Coro supinas si tuleris manus,  
Nascente luna rustica Phidyle.

The portraits sent by the new Slade Professor of Fine Arts at Oxford are also worth attention; but we pass them by in order to return again to "Sarpedon" (22), which seems to us charged with a poetical feeling which would satisfy even the Premier's cravings, and executed with skill, force, and directness worthy of the subject. The picture has much of classical grandeur without a suspicion of classical pedantry, and the colour is simple, fine, and strong. We pass, for the moment, by Mr. Halle's large picture, "To God and my Love's Right Arm" (33), and come to Mr. Whistler's group of pictures. The "Portrait of Miss Rosa Corder" (54) is finely posed and painted, though we might have preferred a background which would set off rather than repeat the dark lines of the figure. In this work Mr. Whistler has indicated what he can do in the way of painting if he likes. Of his other figure picture we do not propose to say anything but that it is as unfortunate for him as for anybody else that it occupies a prominent place on the wall. Mr. Legros's "Jacob's Dream" (63) is a fine, but scarcely pleasing, work, which has been the means of revealing an unexpected amount of Biblical knowledge in various quarters. For Mr. Legros's studies, one of which he shows here, executed before the students of the Slade School with lightning-like rapidity, we confess that we do not care very much. Mr. W. G. Wills sends "Ophelia and Laertes" (20), and "The Spirit of the Shell" (21), a fanciful and imaginative picture. In both works, in spite of a certain failure in power of expression, there is a tender and delicate feeling which is far more attractive than, for instance, such technical skill as belongs to M. Tissot's smaller pictures, in which he takes outrageously commonplace views of outrageously commonplace subjects. The class of people who delight in such things as these exists still, and probably will continue to exist for a long time; but it may be hoped that it is smaller than it was some years ago. M. Tissot has shown that he can do better things than these; and his larger work, which hangs among them, gives some indication of the higher power which he possesses. It is unfortunate for the interests of art that he should think it desirable to waste his skill in execution upon matters utterly unworthy of it.

Mr. Pellegrini's portrait of Mr. Macbeth (65) is a work of much strength and character, which gives a fresh proof that the painter's talent is far from being confined to the regions of caricature. Mr. Watts's fine pictures of "Paolo and Francesca" (73) and "Orpheus and Eurydice" (74) are full of poetry and passion. The latter is, to our thinking, the better work of the two, and the vivid colour of the Eurydice which some people have found fault with, seems to us in character with the moment represented. No more charming contrast to this could be found than the same painter's "Little Red Riding Hood" (76), which is bright with all the happiness of childhood. Among portraits Lady Lindsay has a truthful and well-executed head of Signor Piatti (90). Mr. Gregory sends a striking portrait of Mr. Chapman (119), which is open to the same criticism which we applied to his portrait in the Academy. Mr. Collier sends a charming portrait of Lady Collier (108) and one of Mrs. Yates Thompson (83), in which the figure and face are admirable, but strike us as not standing out enough from the background of spiky foliage. But the painting of the face is excellent; and the somewhat obtrusive effect of the green background may be due to the picture being hung against a crimson wall, which would have suited well enough the other portrait, in which the background is of a low tone.

Mr. Burne-Jones's pictures are sure to be much discussed. "The Annunciation" (166), with a perpendicular angel in perpendicular drapery, descending as if on a slote, or suspended by a wire, has considerable beauty of feeling and execution; although we confess that it did not make our heart beat and our eyes moist as in the case of another critic who sat on a sofa in front of it. The series of "Pygmalion and his Statue" (which the *Times* critic, taking his cue from Herr Suppé, or some one else unknown to antiquity, christens "Galatea") strikes us as mawkish. The attitude of the Venus who gives life to the marble seems strangely wanting in goddess-like attributes, and the sculptor appears but a poor creature throughout. At the same time, Mr. Burne-Jones's work has a value of its own which one might recognize as greater if his imitators did not persistently reproduce his faults rather than his merits, and if he himself did not seem to have a hankering after eccentricity.

## REVIEWS.

### WIESENER'S YOUTH OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.\*

IF there are readers who require translations of French historical works, there can be no doubt that M. Wiesener's recently published *Jeunesse d'Élisabeth d'Angleterre* was well worth translating.

\* *The Youth of Queen Elizabeth.* 1533–1558. By Louis Wiesener, late Professor of History at the University, Member of the Philotechnie Society, the Historical Research Society, &c. Edited from the French, by Charlotte M. Yonge, Author of the "Heir of Rodclyffe," &c. 2 vols. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1879.

We may further say that it is worthy of a better translation. It may seem a truism to assert that a translator should have mastered both the language from which, and the language into which, he translates; but it is a truism which, in the case of modern languages, seems not yet to have penetrated the minds of editors and publishers. Any one who can read French with the assistance of a dictionary seems to be considered competent to do a French work into English, or rather into a Gallicized jargon which is only English in so far as it is made up of English words. The clearness, the neatly turned sentences, the carefully polished style of good French writing ought, one would think, to inspire a translator with an ambition to produce a version which should preserve something of the charm of the original. But this is a dream. Anybody can translate French, and the idea of spending upon a French book even a tithe of the pains that a translator from the Greek or the Latin holds himself bound to bestow would be considered absurd. It is only from the prevalence of this feeling that we can account for so good a writer as Miss Yonge taking under her editorial protection so schoolboyish a translation as the one before us. We will admit that it is not worse than the general run; but to say this is to condemn it with sufficient severity. Once or twice indeed the translator has failed even in the schoolboy virtue of looking out a word in the dictionary. At p. xii. of the preface we read, "The two rival houses of France and Austria made a *plaything* of her in their fiery competition." The original has *un enjeu*, which we need hardly say means the stake in a game, and not a plaything. "Allies" (i. 220) is not the equivalent of *complices*, nor "affected" (i. 249) of *affectueuse*, nor "vanquished" (i. 261) of *malmené*. Roger Ascham, we are told, being tired of his position as tutor to the Lady Elizabeth, "*slightly* emancipated himself, as he afterwards stated." The original has "*il s'affranchit un peu à la légère, comme il l'avoua dans la suite*"—he freed himself somewhat inconsiderately or rashly, as he afterwards admitted. The reader will probably be puzzled by finding Thomas Cromwell described as "*one of the cooks* whose duty it was to prepare the *King's dainties* until their own time came for serving as food for his cruelty." The expressions of the original, although somewhat forced, do not reach this pitch of absurdity:—"Thomas Cromwell, l'un de ces docteurs dont la fonction était de préparer les hautes œuvres du roi, en attendant qu'eux-mêmes servissent de pâture à sa cruauté." The translator has apparently confounded *hautes œuvres*—the work of *la haute justice*—with *hors-d'œuvre*, and from this culinary term has jumped to the idea of styling Cromwell a cook. In the following sentence again, "Such was the plot, and it cannot be doubted that Elizabeth became an integral part of it," he has altogether missed the meaning of his original:—"Tel fut le complot, dont Elisabeth devint partie intégrante, sans s'en douter"—that is, without suspecting it. This is not the way in which a grave historical work, in which every word is of weight, should be translated. It is hard on M. Wiesener that, when he accurately describes the Seymours as "*hommes de petite noblesse*"—the nearest equivalent in French to our term "*gentry*"—the translator should turn it into "*men of but low degree*," as if the Seymours had been mere yeomen or tradesmen. In an earlier passage the translator, by the omission of the definite article, renders M. Wiesener apparently responsible for having invented an imaginary "Thomas, Duke of Somerset," a combination seemingly of Edward Seymour, Duke of Somerset, and his brother Thomas, Lord Seymour of Sudley. The mistake arises from the French writer having awkwardly brought together the names of "Thomas [Seymour]" and "le duc de Somerset"; but, though the first glance might mislead, no one reading with attention could have failed to see that he was speaking of two different men. As the translator shows himself incompetent to grapple with the difficulties of modern French, it is not to be expected that he should succeed better with old French. M. Wiesener, quoting the words of the French ambassador Noailles, says, speaking of Courtenay, who, when suddenly turned loose from the Tower in which his sad youth had been passed, at once proceeded to enjoy himself after the fashion of the Prodigal Son, "*Il ne se pouvait s'ouïr des délices de la liberté*." This perfectly intelligible phrase appears in the translation as "He could not save himself from the charms of liberty." *Chastoy*, the old French for chastisement, seems to have baffled the translator altogether, for when Renard writes "Qu'elle ne devoit perdre l'occasion du chastoy," the English version is cut down to "That she ought not to lose the present opportunity." We might multiply these criticisms, but our readers will probably by this time be weary of them, and will feel more interest in learning what are M. Wiesener's views upon Queen Elizabeth. We shall permit ourselves the liberty of quoting from the original in preference to the translation.

M. Wiesener has set himself to destroy what he calls the legend of Queen Elizabeth's early years, a legend created by religious and patriotic enthusiasm, and to restore the true and authentic history. It is excusable in a foreigner that he should somewhat overrate the hold which the "legend" still retains upon the English mind. Even our elementary school-books have ceased to represent the Lady Elizabeth as a Protestant confessor. No one, we should imagine, now believes, with Burnet and Hume, the romance of the rivalry between the sisters Mary and Elizabeth for the love of Edward Courtenay. M. Wiesener knows indeed that Lingard has already contradicted this story, but he still speaks as if it were the accepted version of English history:—"la tradition," he says, "*qui a prévalu et fait loi dans l'histoire*." "Mais, nous sommes en droit de le dire," he adds; "*c'est une fable de pure fantaisie*." Although however we may think that the author

sometimes overrates our ignorance, we readily acknowledge the thoroughness and completeness with which he has worked out the history of Elizabeth's early life, and the impartial and cautious manner in which he tells his tale. M. Wiesener is not of those historians who first form a theory, and then look out for facts to support it. He builds up his story upon the evidence before him, suspends his judgment where the means of forming one fail him, and makes it his boast that "we have neglected no means to found our recital upon the surest basis and deepest research, and have never given as certain anything but what seemed to us to be absolutely ascertained." He has had the special advantage of consulting the unpublished correspondence of Antony, Giles, and Francis de Noailles, who successively discharged the functions of ambassador or diplomatic agent of France at the English Court. A part, edited by Vertot, of the Noailles correspondence was published in the last century, and has been made great use of by our historians; but another part, to which M. Wiesener has had access, and from which he has derived much valuable information, still remains unpublished in the Archives of the French Ministry of Foreign Affairs. In England, M. Wiesener has laid under contribution the MSS. of the British Museum and of the Record Office, of which institutions and their officials he speaks in terms of warm praise. A graceful tribute of friendship and gratitude paid to Mr. Stevenson, the editor of the earlier volumes of the Calendar of State Papers, Foreign Series, of Elizabeth, to whom he expresses himself as much indebted, concludes his preface. Among modern historians he also names with praise Miss Strickland, and—"à un point de vue tout opposé," as he says—"Mr. Froude, whom he describes as "*brillant écrivain, mais de tous les historiens actuels peut-être le moins sûr, parce qu'il s'est assujéti systématiquement à flatter ce que le sentiment protestant et national en Angleterre peut garder encore d'étroits préjugés, et parce qu'il excelle trop à tirer des textes ce qu'il désire y puiser*."

M. Wiesener does not confine himself to these general strictures upon his English contemporary, but enters from time to time, in the notes to his narrative, upon specific criticisms of Mr. Froude's version of affairs. Mr. Froude's point of view being, as he probably would not deny, Protestant and national, and M. Wiesener's that of an indifferent and unimpassioned stranger, it is inevitable that the two should disagree not a little. That—assuming M. Wiesener's assertions to be correct—Mr. Froude should occasionally have slurred over awkward facts is perhaps only to be expected in a partisan historian. That he should have somewhat improved upon the description given by the Imperial ambassador Renard of the scene when Mary, in presence of the Host, gave her word to wed Philip of Spain would not greatly surprise us. Mr. Froude could hardly be expected to resist the temptation of putting into the mouth of a Papist woman a little more nonsense than she actually uttered. But in two cases M. Wiesener (pp. 162, 165 of the original; pp. 239, 243, vol. i. of the translation) charges Mr. Froude with more than merely heightening the colour of his original—with, in short, giving, professedly as derived from Renard's despatches, statements which are not to be found there, or at least which M. Wiesener has been unable to find. We give the following extract from the more important of the two notes in which the French writer brings this charge. The subject in question is the condemnation of Cranmer for high treason in November, 1553, more than two years previously to his actual execution as a heretic:—

On lit dans M. Froude, t. vi. p. 122: "Renard écrivait, le 17 novembre, l'archevêque sera exécuté; et Marie, triomphant, elle le croyait du moins, sur la question qui lui tenait le plus au cœur, dit à Renard que la mélancolie qui pesait sur elle depuis l'enfance se dissipait; jusque-là, elle n'avait jamais connu le bonheur; maintenant elle allait être récompensée enfin." Nous affirmons, après vérification faite sur le manuscrit, qu'il n'y a pas dans cette dépêche de Renard du 17 novembre, une seule des paroles que l'historien moderne prête ici à Marie, pour la représenter d'autant plus altérée de vengeance et plus haïssable. Tout ce que la dépêche contient de relatif à Cranmer, consiste dans cette phrase: "l'on est après pour exécuter la sentence rendue contre l'évêque de Cantorbury." (On ne l'exécuta que le 21 mars 1556.) Malgré la recherche la plus minutieuse dans les deux volumes manuscrits qui composent la correspondance de l'ambassadeur impérial, nous n'avons pas réussi à découvrir la citation que M. Froude leur aurait empruntée.

This is a distinct challenge, and we shall be interested in seeing whether Mr. Froude takes it up. While on this subject, we cannot but remark upon the capricious manner in which the translator has dealt with M. Wiesener's notes. Out of twenty bearing upon Mr. Froude's history, six have been wholly or in part omitted, for what reason we are unable even to guess. In fact, the only praise we can give to the translator is, that he has taken the trouble, when M. Wiesener quotes from English sources, to consult and cite the originals. According to, we believe, the usual practice of French authors, M. Wiesener generally translates his quotations into his own language. It is only fair to Mr. Froude to observe that in one passage which M. Wiesener quotes from him—the scene, already alluded to, of Mary's secret trothlight—the French translation does not very accurately represent the original.

To examine M. Wiesener's work at all minutely would demand more space than remains at our disposal. We can only call attention to a few of the points of chief interest. His researches among Renard's despatches have convinced him that during the autumn of 1553 Mary seriously thought of adopting Lord Paget's scheme of marrying her sister to Courtenay. The opposition came, first from Courtenay himself, who at that time still hoped that the Queen might eventually be driven to accept him; and secondly, from Charles V., whose expressed disapprobation decided Mary against the scheme. The notion was, however, as everybody



knows, taken up by the malcontent party; and the question how far Elizabeth was implicated in the conspiracy against her sister which resulted in Wyatt's insurrection is one which it is not easy to answer. With this part of his subject M. Wiesener has taken great pains; and the conclusion he arrives at is a verdict of *Not Proven* in its least favourable sense. Wyatt's dying statement, that neither Elizabeth nor Courtenay was privy to his rising before its commencement, he interprets, as Lingard has done before him, as an equivocation, Wyatt having in fact risen prematurely, six weeks or more before the time appointed. Of Courtenay's guilt there can be no doubt; Elizabeth our author believes to have been innocent only in a legal sense:—"Innocence tout extérieure, dont elle bénéficia par-devant les légistes et le danger du moment, mais dont nous ne croyons pas qu'elle puisse se couvrir en face du tribunal de l'histoire." She had been, in short, too wary to commit herself to the conspiracy by any overt act; and, conscious of this, she could, with a sort of casuistical honesty, pour forth her vehement protestations of innocence and loyalty. The history of her captivity at Woodstock under the charge of Bedingfield is carefully worked out, though we do not understand what Miss Yonge, in her preface, means by saying, "Sir Henry Bedingfield's papers are here for the first time brought forward." M. Wiesener himself supplies us with the date—1855—of the publication of Bedingfield's papers, and he expressly gives Miss Strickland the credit of having been the first to utilize them. All that he claims for himself is that he has drawn more largely upon them, and has given a more complete and accurate account of Elizabeth's life at Woodstock, than has been done before.

Bedingfield, her so-called "gaoler," whose supposed harshness has often been insisted upon, appears to have been a well-intentioned and not unkindly man, overwhelmed, like Sir Hudson Lowe, to whom Miss Yonge aptly compares him, with a sense of his responsibility. His charge apparently did not bear captivity with much more patience than did Napoleon, and in the verbal skirmishes between the victim and her gaoler, the latter had, as might be expected, decidedly the worst of it. After expending almost unnecessary energy in demolishing the already discredited "legend" of Bedingfield's cruelty, M. Wiesener assaults the scandalous story that Philip of Spain, whether inspired by passion or by policy, made matrimonial advances to his sister-in-law while his wife was still slowly dying. "Il est du devoir de l'historien de lui rendre cette justice qu'il fut loyal à Marie jusqu'au bout, et qu'il ne donna pas le spectacle révoltant d'une recherche incestueuse, à côté et au mépris de la mourante." It is to be feared, however, that Elizabeth was not reluctant to entertain the idea that her brother-in-law's too evident admiration of her had embittered her sister's wedded life. At any rate, after Elizabeth had become Queen, the Spanish envoy Feria was desirous to give her this impression; and though Philip, as appears from Feria's correspondence, forbade this disgraceful method of advancing his interests, it may be suspected that his zealous servant would think himself justified in disregarding such scruples of delicacy. Philip altogether is set by M. Wiesener in a more favourable light than that in which we are accustomed to regard him. As for his unhappy wife, every fair and unbiassed representation of her character can but deepen the profound pity with which we regard her. In Elizabeth we learn from M. Wiesener's pages to admire more than ever the born statesman and ruler of men. But, if possible, her private character is more unattractive in those early years than it is when we contemplate her as Queen. Even in her first love affair with Lord Seymour—the tragical end of which, we are asked to believe, hardened her character for life—we see much indeed of girlish folly, but nothing of girlish tenderness. "Pour avoir un cœur printanier," says M. Wiesener, with untranslatable neatness, "on n'en était pas moins Elisabeth."

M. Wiesener's work will probably take rank, both in France and England, as a valuable authority on the early life of the great Queen. But we recommend all who can to consult it in the original, at least until the present translation has been revised and corrected.

#### GRUNDY'S PICTURES OF THE PAST.\*

THE fault of Mr. Grundy's volume is that he does not know when to stop. Working on the track, and sometimes in the train, of the Stephensons, he has much which is interesting to tell of the iron age of England. Circumstances, moreover, appear to have thrown him into the society of two exceptionally striking characters. But in the middle of his book he quits this country for Australia. Instantly the work becomes a mere record of wanderings and adventures in Sydney and the Bush, such as any ordinary settler can tell, and such as very many have already told. So disappointingly trite is the second half of the autobiographical sketch—if so we may call it—that, on coming to the end, we turn back to the earlier part with a fear that our interest had been entrapped on false pretences. Reconsideration fortunately does not necessitate a reversal of the original verdict. The explanation of the contrast between the two halves of the book is simply, we suppose, that one division of its author's life has been more eventful than the other. Every

life contains some interesting reminiscences. In some lives they might be spread over a dozen three-volume novels. In others they can be barely stretched to fill a chapter. With Mr. Grundy they cover two hundred pages, and the exigencies of publication required four hundred.

Mr. Grundy's first important recollection is of the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, and the death of Huskisson. Even as a boy he was startled by the thrill of emotion which convulsed the kingdom. He mentions the curious fact that an engine despatched at a speed of forty-five miles an hour to fetch surgical help reached Liverpool in twenty minutes, yet found the rumour of the disaster there before it. Preparations had been made for a great mass meeting in Williamson Square on the evening of the day. The thousands gathered silent and expectant. Suddenly from a balcony in the square, near where Mr. Grundy was stationed, "rings out a clear, deep voice, every word distinct, and every word appropriate." The orator spoke of "the bright promises and sad ending of this commencement of a new era. This was Lord Stanley, afterwards Earl of Derby." Mr. Grundy's father was a Unitarian minister, and his Unitarian connexions introduced him to Miss Martineau and her brother James. Miss Martineau, though she talked of cricket and fishing, and not of political economy, terrified him with her grim look and her ear-trumpet. Her brother, whose pupil he became, fascinated him by the power of his "great brain and great heart." Another of his teachers, from his account, must have been a sort of lunatic. He describes this personage as "a good-natured, good-tempered, kind gentleman" who tore his pupils' ears off. The French master whom this model of benevolence employed was as eccentric in his way. He told the author that he was the best pupil; and therefore he gave the prize to the worst, "as an inducement to greater exertions." How schoolboys forty or fifty years ago were allowed to run wild out of school-hours is shown by Mr. Grundy in a very vivid picture of the chronic war waged between the Liverpool "gentlemen" and the "blackguards." The scene portrayed bears a wonderful resemblance to Scott's stories of his schoolboy days in old Edinburgh.

But, at seventeen, school and school-sports were over for Mr. Grundy. He took his seat in a civil engineer's office, and there he appears to have studied for the next seven years. At the end of his articles he was employed in pioneering the railway between Leeds and Bradford. Thence he was sent to Halifax on a similar commission. At Halifax he formed an intimate acquaintance with Patrick Branwell Brontë. Brontë, who was then twenty-two, had been usher in a school, a private tutor, and a self-taught portrait-painter. At this time he was station-master at Luddensfoot, not a village, but only a booking-office, on the Manchester and Leeds Railway. Mr. Grundy visited Haworth Vicarage. There he met the Miss Brontës, "distant and distrait, large of nose, small of figure, red of hair, prominent of spectacles." He says he has always liked scamps with brains; consequently he saw much of Branwell, "as great a scamp as could be desired, and with an unexpected stock of brains indeed." To him it seemed that Branwell had as much genius as his sisters. He even asserts his belief that Branwell rather than Emily should be credited with the real authorship of *Wuthering Heights*. For this surprising theory he appeals to the internal evidence of the tale, and also vouches both brother and sister. "Patrick Brontë declared to me, and what his sister said bore out the assertion, that he wrote a great part himself." Whatever follies Branwell perpetrated his friend excuses by the morbid nature of the man, "who could not bear to be alone." Mrs. Gaskell possibly may have been harsh towards a poor wretch who had no worse enemy than himself; but her indignation was fired by the misery the brother inflicted on more valuable lives, otherwise dreary and grey enough. We think it is an exaggeration to say that she describes him as "a social demon." Mr. Grundy's own account of him is not flattering. Branwell lost his post on the railway through absenting himself for days together, and allowing the porter to whom he entrusted his duties to embezzle fares. Then he took a tutorship in a family of some position, and destroyed its happiness by attracting the affections of his pupil's mother, seventeen years his senior. The husband died; but Branwell did not marry the widow. The apparent reason was that his cruel employer had willed away his wealth from her in the event of the renewal of a very equivocal acquaintance. Mr. Grundy alleges that this "splendid specimen of brain-power run wild" died at twenty-eight, "of grief for a woman." Brandy and opium were at all events the immediate cause. Doubtless Branwell shared with his sisters in their splendid mental gifts, though Mr. Grundy has been unkind to his memory in preserving some of the most execrable impromptu verses ever committed to paper. There must, too, have been a sort of fascination in the small, thin, red-haired man, with the bumpy forehead, prominent nose, ferrety, deep-sunk eyes, and downcast look. But the general impression left by Mr. Grundy's partial account is of a weak, pleasure-loving selfishness which never paused in face of a temptation to calculate the misery that indulgence must cause to others as well as himself. A last meeting with him Mr. Grundy records with rare power. Mr. Grundy went over from Skipton to Haworth to see him. Dinner was already laid at the little inn for the two friends, when "the door opened cautiously, and a head appeared. It was a mass of red, unkempt, uncut hair, wildly floating round a great gaunt forehead; the cheeks yellow and hollow, the mouth fallen, the thin, white lips, not trembling, but shaking; the sunken eyes, once small, now glaring with the light of madness." Two glasses of hot brandy were necessary to

\* *Pictures of the Past: Memories of Men I have Met, and Places I have Seen.* By Francis H. Grundy, C.E. London: Griffith & Farran. 1879.

animate him; but for the rest of the evening Mr. Grundy "never knew his intellect clearer." As they parted at the Haworth inn,

He quietly drew from his coat sleeve a carving-knife, placed it on the table, and holding me by both hands, said that, having given up all thoughts of ever seeing me again, he imagined when my message came that it was a call from Satan. Dressing himself he took the knife, which he had long had secreted, and came to the inn with a full determination to rush into the room and stab the occupant. In the excited state of his mind he did not recognize me when he opened the door; but my voice and manner conquered him, and "brought him home to himself," as he expressed it. I left him standing baredheaded in the road, with bowed form and dropping tears. A few days later he died.

Mr. Grundy may well have been thankful to the two glasses of hot brandy.

Mr. Grundy has something to tell of another character, not altogether without analogy to that of Branwell Brontë. This other acquaintance of Mr. Grundy's was a philanthropist, a graceful and popular poet, highly respectable in all his behaviour, except to the Prince Regent, and universally flattered and admired. Yet Leigh Hunt, in Mr. Grundy's pages, as well as elsewhere, working his son, his volunteer secretary, to death, sparkling amid a coterie of adoring young ladies of whom one or more would "quietly smooth his long locks," is as irritating a spectacle in his serene and elegant selfishness as the Haworth reprobate eating the heart out of his humiliated sisters. Mr. Grundy describes very well Leigh Hunt's enthusiastic faith in the fancy of the moment. He would vow at one time undying affection to hard-boiled eggs as the most wholesome of entable things for supper. After some five days of trial he would discard them, as utterly indigestible and nightmare-producing, for liver and bacon, or for "the lightest and most palatable supper he had ever taken, a Welsh rabbit with Scotch ale." His apparent inability to appreciate the comparative value of money Mr. Grundy thinks was entirely genuine. Mr. Grundy was living for a time in the Hammersmith Road. One evening Leigh Hunt drove up in a hansom. Mr. Grundy met him at the door, where he was beaming benevolently at the cabman, who was beaming too. The fare for the distance he had come was about eighteenpence; but he told Mr. Grundy that the man, when asked the amount, left it to his honour. So, said Hunt,

I said I was sorry that I had only two half-sovereigns in my pocket; would one of them do? I could give him that; and, if not enough, he could call at so-and-so, or I could borrow it from you. Oh, that would do, he said; he would not trouble you. I stopped him to say that I was pleased with him, and that I should be returning about nine to-night, when, if he liked, he might come for me and receive the same fare back. He said he would; but now he has driven away so suddenly as you opened the door that I hardly know what to think.

After dwelling on the profession of letters as illustrated in act by Leigh Hunt and in unaccomplished promise by Branwell Brontë, one feels a certain sense of solidarity in descending upon a civil engineer's office, even during the railway mania. The period of Mr. Grundy's active career in England coincided with the very crisis of railway speculation. His reminiscences are rather mixed. Their point occasionally consists chiefly in the circumstance that a party of engineers drank far too deeply at a hospitable Yorkshireman's house, and felt the consequences sadly the next day. One recollection is pathetic. "Bill the banker" was "top-man" over a shaft two hundred feet deep of a tunnel which was being constructed on the Manchester and Leeds line. His duty was to raise the trucks filled below, and after running them to the top, to lower them empty. When a big boulder fell off the truck he had to warn the miners to elude it by shouting "Waur out!" One day Bill's foot "slipped hopelessly, and he knew he must be smashed from side to side of the narrow shaft, and landed a crushed mass at the bottom. But his mates? If he screamed, the unusual noise would bring them out at once to inquire the cause. He never lost presence of mind. Clearly went down the signal 'Waur out below!' and his mates heard the thud, thud, smash of his mangled remains in safety." This is about the solitary touch of romance in Mr. Grundy's engineering experiences. His pages otherwise reflect the resolute endurance of the pioneers of railway enterprise, but in his time they had become somewhat too prosperous for heroism. He was very closely connected himself by business relations with Mr. George Robert Stephenson, nephew of "the father," as George Stephenson was commonly termed. From time to time he met George Stephenson. A friend, however, "J. H.," has supplemented Mr. Grundy's facts with some most interesting traits of Stephenson, observed by himself while private secretary to the great man. His earliest duty while still on his probation was to have dinner prepared at Chesterfield for Stephenson and himself. Stephenson liked a good dinner, and the secretary-elect ordered one whose only fault was that "it would have sufficed for twenty hungry gourmands." After dinner the two had first one and then another bottle of old port. Satisfied with the decorum with which "J. H." shared the second, Stephenson told him he would "do." The young secretary's ordinary duties consisted in mastering the contents of a voluminous correspondence and shooting rooks at Tapton. He seems to have found existence there materially comfortable, but socially ponderous. The guests were all in some way or other distinguished, but they were too old and too well-to-do to be lively. Stephenson was an indulgent master; but he had a habit of calling his secretary out of bed at night to take down replies, often stinging ones, of which he had been thinking while lying awake. He often hinted a desire to dictate his autobiography. Unfortunately

"J. H.," to the world's irreparable loss, never pressed the subject on him. Kind and hospitable, Stephenson had all the self-made man's combativeness and belief in the propriety of any fancy that entered his head. His secretary was once in the same railway-carriage with him and a lady, "a fine, tall, handsome girl of a very perfect physique." Stephenson eyed her "critically for some time, and then rapped out, 'You'd make the mother of a grand breed of navvies, my lass!'" He may, thinks "J. H.," have been talking in fancy to himself; but a third passenger in the carriage, not taking that charitable view, told him he had been guilty of an outrage. "Sir," said Stephenson, with dignity, "I am George Stephenson." "Well," was the retort, "George Stephenson, you are no gentleman." For the most part Stephenson had a license to act and speak as he pleased. The world was charmed, whether he talked for the hundredth time of the famous fight he had, when a pitman, with a bully who was torturing an animal, or instructed a Paxton on the advantages of dieting fruit on fumes from a trough at the foot of the wall. He did not mind how much he spent on his forcing-houses or on his dinners; but he detested personal ornaments. A lady presented him with a diamond breast-pin, but he would not change his old brass pin for it. Only once did he insult his young secretary's dignity. It was when he met him walking down Regent Street in patent leather boots, a white waistcoat, and a silk hat. Holding him by a button and turning him slowly round, while a crowd gathered about them, he rolled out with an intentionally emphasized Northumbrian burr, "J. H., you lived years at my house, but I never knew I was harbouring an American Jackadam." What an American Jackadam may be fortunately neither the crowd nor "J. H." understood any more than we do. "J. H." had already been warned of his patron's hatred of fine clothes. Even his ability to drink a bottle of port at dessert had hardly reconciled Stephenson to a small Geneva watch which he wore. However, that aversion was at length surmounted. The watch went wrong:—

Then his sympathies, with the mechanism, not with me, were roused, and he undertook to set it right. I trembled to leave the tender thing to his mercy; but he had it of course, and soon put it in thorough order. He shortened the hair-spring, and made other repairs, as though he had been bred to the trade. He had very strong arms and large supple hands. With these I found that he performed the most delicate operations. He ridiculed the distinction between civil and mechanical engineering, saying that an engineer should know how to build a bridge, divert a river, make a needle or a Nasmyth's hammer.

"J. H.'s" contribution to his friend's volume is of very special interest; but it is only fair to say that Mr. Grundy's own reminiscences of the fury of railway speculation match it in picturesqueness. He was on the great Stephenson staff. For the three months before the 1st of December, when railway Bills had to be lodged in the Parliamentary Office, the staff worked "literally all day and all night." The pay was liberal; six guineas a day of eight hours, with double pay on Sunday, "and often," writes Mr. Grundy, "I worked the whole twenty-four hours." Despairing promoters besieged Great George Street. "Sometimes a fresh line was taken up after the beginning of November itself, and then good-bye to bed for weeks at a stretch." "For three weeks at a time," he adds, "I have never gone to bed before three, and never remained there after seven. Five nights of that time I have not been in bed at all. It was cold work that outdoor November levelling; moving, say, four miles from 8.30 A.M. to 4.30 P.M. Your numb hands fingering metal screws, your sleepy eyes staring all day monotonously through a telescope at an upright piece of wood with figures on it." All these surveys, too, were done at peril of prosecution for trespass. Until the railway Company had obtained its Act it had no title to enter upon the land. "So we were forced to break a law first in order to obtain a law afterwards." Landowners, as a class, long continued to be panic-struck at the idea of railways. Consequently the engineers were always liable to be committed by country justices as "rogues and vagabonds." To work well at such high pressure, cool heads, unwearying tact, and the instinct of trained experience were indispensable. Some frames broke down from sheer exhaustion. It was not every nature which, like Mr. Grundy's, could recoup itself for weeks of sleeplessness by skipping a day, and sleeping "thirty-two hours without waking." Others accomplished their task with the blissful facility of absolute ignorance. Men whose only qualification was that they were without employment started up "heaven-born civil engineers." One such man asked Mr. Grundy what a "gradient" was. Another thought the term "sleeper" concealed a joke. The effects were often disastrous. In one set of plans a whole county was omitted, whereby a twelvemonth was lost, with the result probably that an opposing scheme got through meanwhile.

Mr. Grundy scarcely makes it clear why he exchanged this whirl of busy life for New South Wales. The work was hard, but the remuneration was in proportion. Pay must have been good which enabled a young gentleman to give seven guineas for several nights together to hear Jenny Lind sing. However, to Sydney Mr. Grundy went; and, if he retains any more memories of the morning of English railways, we can only deplore an emigration which has suggested in their stead stories of iguanas and gold-diggings and bush-wanderings. Mr. Grundy tells of all these matters brightly. He has happened to be present at several remarkable scenes in colonial life. He was on the shore when the sea gave up the victims of the shipwreck of the *Dunbar*. He saw O'Farrel wound the Duke of Edinburgh, and rescued the wretched lunatic from the mob which would have lynched him. He was in Sydney during the first excitement of the gold discoveries, and could compare a colonial fever of speculation with



an English one. Of colonial engineering he tells us nothing at all. Perhaps there was nothing to tell. But that is an insufficient reason for expecting readers to interest themselves in descriptions which they have heard many times over from a host of other tourists and colonists.

#### LOWNDES'S DESCARTES.\*

MOST reasonable men are now agreed that, if philosophy is worth preserving as a subject of serious study, it must be presented in the historical form. Whether we agree with those who assert that the progress of philosophic thought is best represented by a line returning on itself, or with those who maintain that this progress is real and best symbolized by a straight line, we shall be ready to admit that it is the movement itself, rather than any one particular stage in it, which will best repay study. At the same time the modern demand for compactness and brevity of statement has necessarily led to the presentation of this development of thought in a form too condensed to be easily intelligible. The manual of philosophic history which the student preparing for an examination is expected to master is anything but satisfying to one who seeks a clear and adequate conception of a particular writer's doctrine; and the permanent effect of going through such a bald sketch is too often, we fear, a very confused, if not positively erroneous, idea of the subject. In view of these evil results it has recently been suggested that it would be much more profitable if the student of philosophic history made a careful and exact study of the works of some one of the leading thinkers. This idea, which appears to be put forward in justification of the practice followed at one of the older Universities of devoting so much time to the greatest Greek philosopher, is open to the obvious objection that it is not the study of the history of philosophy at all. It might, we think, be suggested as an improvement on this proposal, that the student should read some selected portions of the writings of a few of the most eminent thinkers. In this way something more than a second-hand and hazy acquaintance with a writer's cardinal ideas would be reached, while at the same time a rough notion of the general course of philosophic speculation might be gained. The student would be able to steep his mind for the time in the ideas of a particular thinker, without losing sight of the fact that this thinker forms but one link in a long chain of intellectual development.

The author of the little work on Descartes now before us, although he says nothing about University examinations, and does not profess to be writing especially for the young student of philosophic history, has plainly put forward his volume as an illustration of what he regards as the best method of historical study. This is defined under certain "Rules of Method," framed in imitation of those of Descartes. They prescribe the study of the greatest thinkers only—those who have founded schools—in chronological order, in their own words, and by help of a commentator. Mr. Lowndes rightly views Descartes as one of the founders of a school, and the special object of his volume is to make this thinker better known to the present generation. For this purpose he selects the work which in a brief compass sets forth the central doctrines of the founder of modern philosophy—namely, the six "Meditations." In order to throw light upon this little treatise and to add to its interest, he prefixes an introductory sketch of the progress of speculative inquiry before Descartes, as well as a very complete biography of the author. And, finally, in order to connect the discussion of philosophic problems by Descartes with more recent discussions, he adds, by way of commentary, a sketch of the subsequent development of the fundamental ideas of Descartes. The translation of the *Meditations* itself, though the kernel of the book, only occupies one-fourth of its pages. Thus, while Descartes is made to speak for himself, it is deemed desirable to say a good deal about him in order to render this immediate contact with the philosopher thoroughly beneficial. Moreover, since much of the *Discours de la Méthode* is embodied in the biographical sketch, it may be said that Mr. Lowndes here gives us all that most people need to know of Descartes and his regenerative work in philosophy; for the application of his deductive method to the problems of the physical universe, as set forth in the *Principia Philosophiæ*, and the curious physiological and psychological speculations embodied in the little work *Les Passions de l'Âme*, though interesting enough in their bearing on scientific progress, tell us little or nothing further respecting his fundamental ideas. We think that Mr. Lowndes has justified his plan by its result. The book is exceedingly well adapted to introduce the student to Descartes, and through him to the history of one main development of modern thought. It gives a vital reality to the wandering and solitary thinker, while it clearly defines his true historical relations. It must be observed, however, that the success of Mr. Lowndes in this particular case is largely due to the fact that Descartes achieved his great work of giving a new impetus and a new direction to free thought by means of a singularly small amount of writing. He revolutionized philosophy by striking out a new path or method; and this method is unfolded in very few words. Perhaps no other philosopher of an influence comparable with that of Descartes could so easily be made known to a modern reader by means of his own writings.

\* *René Descartes: his Life and Meditations.* A New Translation of the "Meditations." With Introduction, Memoir, and Commentary. By Richard Lowndes. London: F. Norgate. 1878.

In his introduction Mr. Lowndes avowedly follows one of the leading living historians of modern philosophy, Kuno Fischer. The general direction of thought in Greek philosophy is shortly but clearly indicated, and the condition of speculation under the influence of early Christianity, in the Middle Ages, and at the Renaissance carefully defined. It is noteworthy that in the singular attempts to build up a philosophy of nature by Giordano Bruno and his compatriots we have the germ of the method of Descartes—namely, the setting out from subjective reflection or self-knowledge as the deepest ground of certainty. This shows that the leading ideas of Descartes were, in a sense, in the air, and this is fully borne out in the very interesting memoir with which Mr. Lowndes furnishes the reader. It is here shown that Descartes had the rare good fortune of finding his age not only prepared, but exceedingly eager, to receive his doctrine. It is not every philosopher who is privileged to have as his pupils two such gifted and distinguished women as the Princess Elizabeth of Bohemia and Queen Christina of Sweden. Mr. Lowndes gives us a very full account of the curious friendship which subsisted between Descartes and the Princess, to whom the philosopher dedicated what he regarded as his *opus magnum*, the *Principia*, and for whom he penned one of his most interesting works, the *Passions of the Soul*. Descartes was introduced to her by her own wish during his sojourn in Holland, where her family resided after the dethronement of her father, the Elector-Palatine. The intellectual sympathies binding together Descartes and the Princess appear to have been of the strongest, and there are not wanting signs, as Mr. Lowndes points out, that this friendship would have ripened into a warmer relation if an insuperable barrier had not been placed between them by so great a difference of rank. The relation of the philosopher to Queen Christina is less satisfactory. The young Swedish sovereign appears to have resolved to attach Descartes to her Court without consulting the philosopher's wishes on the subject. No doubt some genuine love of learning entered into her motives; but in urging her suit as she did she showed herself to be far more concerned for her own entertainment and advantage than for the true interests of philosophy. As is well known, Descartes, always of delicate health, soon succumbed to the rigours of the Swedish climate, aggravated by the exactions of his Royal pupil, who was inconsiderate enough to appoint five o'clock in the morning as the hour for her daily lesson. The relations of Descartes to these two women bring into light much chivalrous loyalty of nature coupled with a certain naïveté of heart. His correspondence with the Princess is full of the most graceful expressions of regard, and one wonders, as one often does in such cases, whether the lady was really as great intellectually and morally as she is here represented, or whether these panegyrics owe something to the idealizing tendencies of a young enthusiastic teacher, and perhaps also to the native courtesy of a Frenchman. It is worth noting that, in one instance, Descartes's disposition to think highly of women did clearly mislead him. After he was introduced to Christina he did his best to interest her in his former lady pupil, but all his efforts were unsuccessful. It never seems to have occurred to the writer on the "Passions of the Soul" that, even in the soul of a learned lady, there may be feelings which would oppose themselves to the idea of a sympathetic relation with a woman whose fine intellectual qualities had so deeply engaged the admiration of the very man that she herself was in the act of appropriating as her teacher and guide.

Apart from these somewhat romantic episodes the life of Descartes offers a good deal that is interesting, and Mr. Lowndes has here made the best of his materials. It is remarkable indeed that in the most attractive biographical history of philosophy in our language so little space is given to the character and life of Descartes. There is no doubt that Mr. Lewes felt repelled by what he calls the servile disposition of the philosopher. It is very easy, however, for us in these days to exaggerate the intellectual timidity of Descartes. As Mr. Lowndes reminds us, Descartes did not refrain from publishing works obnoxious to the Catholic Church because he was in any fear of active persecution, for he was at the time in Holland, well out of the reach of the arm of the Church. It must be remembered that he remained all his life a religious man and a Catholic, and as such he felt bound to respect the authority of the Church on matters supposed to fall under her spiritual jurisdiction. That in rendering this submission to the Church Descartes did violence to his individual intellectual impulses may be fairly assumed; but this result may easily have been brought about without any conscious dissimulation. However this be, it is evident that Descartes was not held back from opposition to ecclesiastical authority by any pusillanimous dislike of hostilities, for during his stay in Holland he showed spirit enough in facing and discomfiting the envious and narrow-minded Protestant divines and University Professors who so gratuitously attacked him.

Our author's attempt to elucidate further the real aim and purport of the *Meditations*, and to show the bearing of that work on recent philosophic discussions, is well conceived and executed. His special aim is to trace the influence of Descartes, through Spinoza and Leibnitz, on the speculations of Kant and his successors. He writes from the point of view of a Kantian, and one opposed to the British Sensationist philosophy. He does with Descartes in the interests of Kantianism what Professor Caird lately did with Kant in the interests of Hegelianism—that is, he seeks to show the inadequacy of the writer's conclusions and the necessity of carrying his leading ideas to a fuller and more consistent development. Thus Mr. Lowndes accepts Descartes's method in its essentials. We must begin, he says, by doubting

whatever is doubtful. Only he thinks Descartes has not carried his doubts far enough. He distinguishes between "things which it is not possible, others which it merely is not natural, to doubt," and thinks that Descartes overlooks this distinction. Thus the philosopher in his famous "I am, therefore I exist," is said to place the existence of a permanent enduring self on the same level as that of the present act of consciousness, though these two beliefs illustrate the difference just pointed out between "absolute certainties" and "primary beliefs." Mr. Lowndes seems to us to waver a little in his definition of absolute certainty; for, if we understand him aright, he is ready to allow that Descartes's celebrated proof of the existence of God cannot be questioned by those who once admit the presence in the mind of the idea of a Perfect Being. Surely this proof cannot be more convincing than the corresponding inference from the idea of a material world to the independent existence of this world. On the whole, however, Mr. Lowndes is singularly clear, and does not leave us in doubt as to his meaning. His commentary will serve as a very useful introduction to the study of Kant. It foreshadows with sufficient distinctness the transformation of the problems of Descartes in the hands of Kant, and gives to the English reader, in language singularly clear from perplexing technicalities, an account of the main characteristics of the German—as contrasted with our own—way of approaching and dealing with philosophic questions.

#### SYMONDS'S SKETCHES AND STUDIES IN ITALY.\*

"THE half is more than the whole," says the Greek proverb, which is illustrated, we fear, by Mr. Symonds's new volume of *Sketches and Studies in Italy*. The "Sketches" are so good, so fresh, and so unique in their many merits that we, and probably most readers, would have preferred them in a volume by themselves without the literary "studies." It would have been more pleasantly portable than the rather stout tome before us; it would have had the merit of unity of interest; and it would have been all good, from beginning to end. Mr. Symonds has two literary gifts in very exceptional measure. He is an admirable translator of foreign into English poetry, and he is almost the only person who can give, in black and white, the colour, the atmosphere, the story, and the sentiment of Greek and Italian cities, of the ruinous haunts of ancient luxury, of the coasts and enchanted islands of the Mediterranean. He is also an ingenious and original critic; but, though it is ungrateful to grumble, we prefer to keep his literary and artistic criticism apart from his *Reisebilder*.

The volume before us consists in part of sketches of Italian life and landscape, in part of critical studies, written perhaps in Italy, and dealing with Italian or old Roman topics. The latter, with one exception, do not appear to us so valuable as the former, for several reasons, but chiefly because they rather break up and diminish the interest of the more fresh and enjoyable pictures of which we prefer to speak. The first sketch in Mr. Symonds's volume is a finished study of Amalfi, Paestum, and Capri, of the modern life of the district, and of the remains of Greek art. It was right to give this essay the place of honour; for it is, in its way, a gem of literary work. To make extracts is difficult, because it disturbs the balance of the whole, but we shall venture on one quotation:—

On first quitting Vietri, Salerno is left low down upon the sea-shore, nestling into a little corner of the bay which bears its name, and backed up by gigantic mountains. With each onward step these mountain-ranges expand in long aerial line, revealing reaches of fantastic peaks, that stretch away beyond the plain of Paestum, till they end at last in mist and sunbeams shimmering on the sea. On the left hand hangs the cliff above the deep salt water, with here and there a fig-tree spreading fanlike leaves against the blue beneath. On the right rises the hill-side, clothed with myrtle, lentisk, cistus, and pale yellow coronilla—a tangle as sweet with scent as it is gay with blossom. Over the parapet that skirts the precipice lean heavy-folaged locust-trees, and the terraces in sunny nooks are set with lemon-orchards. There are but few olives, and no pines. Meanwhile each turn in the road brings some change of scene—now a village with its little beach of grey sand, lapped by clearest sea-waves, where bare-legged fishermen mend their nets, and naked boys bask like lizards in the sun—now towering bastions of weird rock, broken into spires and pinnacles like those of Skye, and coloured with bright hues of red and orange—then a ravine, where the thin thread of a mountain streamlet seems to hang suspended upon ferny ledges in the limestone—or a precipice defined in profile against sea and sky, with a lad, half-dressed in goat-skin, dangling his legs into vacancy and singing—or a tract of cultivation, where the orange, apricot, and lemon-trees nestle together upon terraces with intermingled pergolas of vines.

In another place Mr. Symonds says "This reads like a rhapsody"; but the impartial critic will have to confess that it is nature herself who is rhapsodical, and that the words of the description are chosen with studied reserve. There is but one touch to which, we think, objection may justly be taken; and we note it because Mr. Symonds more than once errs in this direction. Nothing is gained, indeed much is lost, by calling the rocks "weird." "Weird" is "played out long ago," as Mr. Swinburne says; it is smeared over the coarse pallet of the descriptive reporter. There are some other terms in the same hackneyed state; Ouida has got at them, and so have all the lady novelists who find language an insufficient vehicle for their thoughts that burn. Among these ill-used phrases are "strange," "wild," and "glamour," all which we regret to see that Mr. Symonds, in a certain passage, piles together; "The Italy of the Renaissance fascinated our dramatists

with a strange, wild glamour." Mr. Symonds may remember the *Ars Poetica* of the author of *Alice in Wonderland*. The Master says:—

Now there are certain epithets  
Which suit with any word,  
As well as Harvey's Reading sauce  
With fish, or flesh, or bird;  
Of these "wild," "lonely," "dreary," "strange,"  
Are much to be preferred.

The neophyte answers:—

Ah will it do, ah will it do,  
To take them in a lump,  
As, "the wild man went his dreary way,  
To a strange and lonely pump?"

No, no, you must not hastily to such conclusions jump!

For our part, when a writer declares that anything is weird, wild, or strange, we consider that he does not quite know what he wants to say.

The history of Amalfi, as told by Mr. Symonds, is a romance in harmony with its beautiful site. This nest of fishermen was a town as rich and prosperous as the city of the Phæacians in the *Odyssey*, and, like the city of the Phæacians, was the subject of a dark prophecy of ruin, which was fulfilled in the time of Petrarch. If "a great mountain" did not "utterly overshadow the city," the sea at least rose against and drowned the lower quarters of the town, while an earthquake separated Amalfi from her twin port, so that a jutting mountain buttress now divides places once united by a tract of sea-beach. Mr. Symonds, with delicate literary tact, discerns the one thing wanting in our modern appreciation of the beauty of these Italian shores. Probably we have all felt that, while "there is no point at which the landscape does not make a picture, painters might even complain that the pictures are too easy, and the poetry too facile." Both in Italy and modern Greece, the natural loveliness, the richness of natural images, and the natural melody of the language, make us feel as if poetry were too much a ready-made article. "What is wanted," says Mr. Symonds, "and what no modern artist can successfully recapture from the wasteful past, is the mythopoetic sense, the apprehension of primeval powers akin to man, growing into shape and substance on the borderline between the world and the keen human sympathies it stirs in us. *Greek mythology was the proper form of art for scenery like this.*" This is so true that, without the forms of old mythology, the southern Mediterranean seems a thing of soulless loveliness, like the Neckan in Mr. Arnold's poem. There seems something more satisfying in the homely air of a Northern river, with turbid waters, the green banks dim in smoke and cloud, and the tawny sails of lighters. To enjoy the Southern coast it must be peopled with its dreams, with the Grecian Sirens, with Galathea in the bay and Polyphemus on the hill-side.

To his sketch of Amalfi Mr. Symonds adds another as good of Paestum. In face of the lonely temples which the action of the suns of two thousand years has covered with a golden glow, he reconciles what archaeologists say and what sentimental travellers think about the architecture of Hellas. The pillars, and pediments, and cornices were once gay with red and blue, and then "the general effect of brightness suited the glad and genial conditions of Greek life." Now time has made "a new harmony of tone between the native stone and the surrounding landscape, no less sympathetic to the present solitude than the old symphony of colours was to the animated circumstances of a populous Greek city." Not less in harmony with the soft melancholy of Paestum than the hue of her ruins is the singular text quoted by Mr. Symonds from Aristoxenus:—

"We do the same," said Aristoxenus in his *Convivial Miscellanies*, "as the men of Poseidonia, who dwell on the Tyrrhenian Gulf. It befell them, having been at first true Hellenes, to be utterly barbarised, changing to Tyrrhenians or Romans, and altering their language, together with their other customs. Yet they still observe one Hellenic festival, when they meet together and call to remembrance their old names and bygone institutions; and having lamented one to the other, and shed bitter tears, they afterwards depart to their own homes."

It is not easy to depart from the siren sea of Capri and Amalfi; and we could be content "to linger there with the Lotus-eaters, forgetful of returning." The essay has the merit of illustrating the method of Mr. Symonds at its best, and amidst the most favourable environment. From Amalfi to Canossa is "a far cry," but the picture of Canossa is not less admirable in its way:—

After passing Quattro Castelli we enter the hills, climbing gently upwards between barren slopes of ashy grey earth—the debris of most ancient Apennines—crested at favourable points with lonely towers. In truth the whole country bristles with ruined forts, making it clear that during the middle ages Canossa was but the centre of a great military system, the core and kernel of a fortified position which covered an area to be measured by scores of square miles, reaching far into the mountains, and buttressed on the plain. As yet, however, after nearly two hours' driving, Canossa has not come in sight. At last a turn in the road discloses an opening in the valley of the Enza to the left: up this lateral gorge we see first the Castle of Rossena on its knoll of solid red rock, flaming in the sunlight; and then, further withdrawn, detached from all surrounding objects, and reared aloft as though to sweep the sea of waved and broken hills around it, a sharp horn of hard white stone. That is Canossa—the *alba Canossa*, the *candida petra* of its rhyming chronicler. There is no mistaking the commanding value of its situation. At the same time the brilliant whiteness of Canossa's rocky hill, contrasted with the red gleam of Rossena, and outlined against the prevailing dulness of these earthy Apennines, secures a picturesque individuality concordant with its unique history and unrivalled strength.

As there are necessary limits to the process of quotation, we must be content to indicate the striking picturesqueness

\* *Sketches and Studies in Italy*. By J. A. Symonds. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1879.



of the essay on "Fornovo." Near Fornovo, in a kind of Italian Cabal pass, an attempt was made to destroy the army of Charles VIII., as he returned out of Tuscany. It was, so to speak, the last chance of the South against the North. The Italians showed the white feather, they were corrupt to the core, they were "conscious of incompetence, and convicted of cowardice." This was the verdict of history on the affair of Fornovo, and the sentence of punishment passed on that day endured till the sieges of Rome and of Venice proved that Italy had at least recovered heart, if not strength. In Mr. Symonds's pages we can witness this remarkable moment in history, set forth as vividly as if the battle had been fought two years ago in a pass of the Balkans. The Italians added to their shame by rejoicings over a pretended victory. The little sketch called "Crema and the Crucifix"—the crucifix which, when raised above the penitent, unsheaths a poignant—is worthy of Hawthorne, as the theme would almost have reconciled him to Italy, where the New Englander was so forlorn and uncomfortable. The essays on Como and Bergamo can best be appreciated among the scenes of which they treat. The "Lombard Vignettes" are a capital series, though almost over-wrought in proportion to their dimensions. Perhaps the most interesting is that concerned with the Lombard grace of the fresco-painter Lanini, in a design which represents the glorification of music.

In addition to the essays we have named, the translations of "Popular Italian Poetry of the Renaissance" make up the portion of this book which we chiefly value. The essay on Lucretius seems a little out of place, and not one of Mr. Symonds's most successful criticisms. Perhaps we should best express our meaning by saying that it exaggerates the style of M. Paul de St. Victor. The passages in pp. 93, 94, 95, seem to us overcharged with imagery. Mr. Symonds has just said of Lucretius, "Holding, as it were, the thought of Greece in fee, he administers the Epicurean philosophy as if it were a province." This is well said, and it conveys a true and imposing image of the method and manner of Lucretius. But Mr. Symonds goes on introducing new images, each of great rhetorical beauty and power, but which somewhat withdraw our attention from the matter in hand, from the poetry and philosophy of Lucretius. The remarks on these topics, though acute and earnest, are not very well co-ordinated; they make rather a string of *pensées* than an essay. The long paper on "Florence and the Medici" would be irreproachable, but we confess that we are perfectly tired of the name of Savonarola, who has been hacked to death in novels, tracts, essays, sermons, and histories, till he and his period are a weariness to think upon. From another of Mr. Symonds's literary criticisms, that on the *Orfeo* of Politian, we extract two passages of translation, examples of his skill in verbal music:—

Less sweet, methinks the voice of waters falling  
From cliffs that echo back their murmurous song;  
Less sweet the summer sound of breezes calling  
Through pine-tree tops sonorous all day long;  
Than are thy rhymes, the soul of grief entralling;  
Thy rhymes o'er field and forest borne along:  
If she but hear them, at thy feet she'll fawn.—  
Lo, Thysis, hurrying homeward from the lawn!

Sad news of lamentation and of pain,  
Dear sisters, hath my voice to bear to you:  
I scarcely dare to raise the dolorous strain.  
Eurydice by yonder stream lies low;  
The flowers are fading round her stricken head,  
And the complaining waters weep their woe.  
The stranger soul from that fair house hath fled;  
And she, like privet pale, or white May-bloom  
Untimely plucked, lies on the meadow, dead.  
Hear then the cause of her disastrous doom!  
A snake stole forth and stung her suddenly.  
I am so burdened with this weight of gloom  
That, lo, I bid you all come weep with me!

The conclusion of the *Orfeo* proves that the mind of Politian was not only utterly corrupt, but utterly vulgar. It was a pity, we think, to introduce this fresh example of the plague which killed the Renaissance. Though Mr. Symonds approaches the subject, of course, as a student of the moral history of Italy, we think that the points which he makes are already recognized and need no further illustration. The elaborate essay on "Antinous," full of research as it is, would have been better treated in a drier style, and in the pages of some purely archaeological book or periodical. The true history of Antinous, for ordinary, unscientific readers, is "in the venial part of things lost."

Our criticism of Mr. Symonds's book may be summed up in very few words. Where it answers to the first part of its title, where it contains "Sketches in Italy," it is thoroughly good. The "Studies" are of less equal value, and might more appropriately have been published in collections of another sort.

#### OLIPHANT'S OLD AND MIDDLE ENGLISH.\*

IT is unfortunate for some of the writers who undertake to deal with the science of language that before setting to work they have not thoroughly digested the teaching of such a book as Mr. Kington Oliphant's *Old and Middle English*. It is still more unfortunate when in such writers the very power of digestion seems to be lacking; and we are not sure whether Professor Leon Delbos,

whose chapters on the Science of Language we lately noticed, would have profited much even from the singularly clear instruction of Mr. Oliphant. It was our duty to protest strongly against the folly which talks of tracing English, German, or other Teutonic words back to their parent Greek, and which speaks of Greek and Latin as the offspring of Sanskrit; but it is not likely that in the case of Mr. Delbos the protest will be of any use, unless it may warn some of his readers against the pitfalls into which his guidance would assuredly plunge them. When a man who says and who shows that he has read more or less of the books of such writers as Bopp, Burnouf, Grimm, and Max Müller, can talk thus, the case, so far as he is concerned, seems well nigh hopeless. There is not one book written by these great pioneers and builders of the science which, if rightly read, would not make such blundering impossible; and one chief merit of Mr. Oliphant's volume lies in this, that from beginning to end it never lets the reader lose sight of the historical facts on which the foundations of the science rest.

We are glad to be able to say this again, though we have, indeed, said it already. Mr. Oliphant's present book is not altogether a new one. He has embodied in it, as he tells us, all that he thought worth preserving in his former volume on the Sources of Standard English; and to this earlier matter he has made large additions, throwing the whole into a form which will make the work, when complete, the best history of our language. In the present volume the history is brought down to the period of recovery which followed the reign of Henry III.; the volume which is to carry on that history to our own age Mr. Oliphant promises us a few years hence. Meanwhile, it will be well if those who really love the good old English speech will study it in the light thrown on it in Mr. Oliphant's pages. This light is wonderfully clear and steady; and there is nothing which he hates so much and avoids so carefully as any attempt to cheat the reader into thinking that he sees when he is merely bewildered with a display of long and fine-sounding technical terms:—

I should be heartily ashamed of myself [he says] if I thought I had used any word that a twelve-year-old English schoolboy, a reader of Caesar and Ovid, could not easily understand. Philology is too noble a goddess to be pent up in a narrow shrine, begirt by a small circle of worshippers who use a Græco-Latin dialect. She should go forth into the highways and hedges, and should speak to man, woman, and child in a tongue that all can comprehend.

Mr. Oliphant fairly keeps his promise; and, if here and there the reader should find a difficulty in tracing the drift of the argument, it will be because in a series of sentences, each of which is in itself perfectly clear, some conjunction is wanting to show how they all hang together. One instance of this may be found in p. 510, where the last sentence becomes puzzling merely because it is not begun with a qualifying "still" or "nevertheless." If we may speak of other faults, which are but moles after all, we should mention Mr. Oliphant's habit of writing *inflexion* for *inflection*. In a volume which ought to condemn all evil philological ways, it is a pity that countenance should be given to a printer's fashion not one whit less absurd than would be the writing of *affexion* or *inspeccion*. In one or two places we come across an ugly looking word, which ought to be smitten down. Why need it be said of the monk Ormin, the author of the *Ormulum*, that "in the course of his lengthy poem he uses only four or five French words"? *Breadth, height, and depth* give us the companion words *broad, high, and deep*, which no one seems tempted to thrust aside for *breadthly, heightly, or depthly*. For newspaper reporters there is sometimes the excuse that they speak of a lengthy speech when they mean a speech which errs on the side of too great length, and the single word saves them the trouble of saying that it was too long or somewhat long; and in this way it is possible that we may hear of long continued efforts as being *strengthy*. But Ormin's poem is really long or very long, and we do not see why it should not be enough to call it so simply.

Even beginners in philology are aware that language is always growing or changing; and although we speak of some of these changes as marking decay or corruption, we are sometimes rash in so doing. It is seldom possible to draw a hard and fast line; but clearly a dialect cannot be set down as corrupt merely because its vocabulary has words borrowed from cognate dialects, or even from languages belonging to other families. The man who will not use any such borrowed words is a purist who will most likely find that he cannot utter many of his thoughts; and the man who gives himself to the long-winded speech of modern penny-a-liners does, so far as his power goes, a fatal injury to the language. But if we speak of changes which from the very beginning have been at work in a language as being corruptions, we must do so with much caution. Still more careful must we be when to these changes the strength and the flexibility of a language are in great part due. Now it is clear that in our English tongue there has from days further back than those of Alfred been a tendency to pare away the signs of inflexion and to get rid of prefixes or suffixes; but it is this tendency chiefly which makes English so wonderful a vehicle for the expression of thought in the whole field of human knowledge. Still, if we regard the fulness and exactness of an inflexional system, we may fairly mark as corruptions the changes which impair it. Mr. Oliphant so marks them; but he warns the reader against the fallacies which have grown up on the subject. At the outset he smites down the folly which gives our English or any other speech a false parentage:—

The greatest of all mistakes [he says] is to think that English is derived from Sanscrit. The absurdity of this notion may be perceived from the

\* *The Old and Middle English*. By T. L. Kington Oliphant, M.A. London: Macmillan & Co. 1878.

fact that the most untaught English ploughboy of our time in many respects comes nearer to the old Mother Speech than the most learned Brahmin did who wrote three thousand years ago.

But he condemns not less clearly the mistake of supposing that all the mischief which has befallen English is the immediate result of the Norman Conquest. The main purpose of his work is, in truth, to show how that Conquest affected the language and how it did not affect it; and certainly in no other single volume will the reader find the causes of its varying conditions so distinctly traced and so thoroughly accounted for. The tendency to soften down inflexional forms was at work ages before the Norman Conquest. It received its chief stimulus from the commingling of Danes and Englishmen after the Danish inroads of the ninth century:—

What happened in Northumbria and Eastern Mercia will always take place when two kindred tribes are thrown together. An intermingling either of Irish with Welsh, or of French with Spaniards, or of Poles with Bohemians, would break up the old inflections and grammar of each nation, if there were no acknowledged standard of national speech whereby the tide of corruption might be stemmed.

Such changes are going on in the United States, where the German settlers are clipping the heads and tails of their words just as the Dano-Anglians did long before the reigns of Cnut and his sons. It is therefore just what we should look for when we find that

Rich Kent, though overrun with foreigners, held fast to the Old English endings down to 1340, long after the greater part of the land had dropped them: Yorkshire had got rid of many of the endings long before the Normans came. It was not these last conquerors that substituted the plural ending in *es* for the old plural in *en*: this *en*, with its genitive in *ene*, lasted until 1340 in Kent.

On the actual grammatical forms of the language the Norman Conquest had indeed very little effect. What it did chiefly was to check or arrest the stream of English poetry which, even before the days of the Conqueror, had been artificially preserving many words long since disused in the speech of the people or in their prose writings. For words used in prose, the change from the death of Harold to the granting of the Great Charter was very slight; it was quite otherwise with the vocabulary of the poets:—

Of all the weighty words used in the song on the Conqueror's death, as nearly as possible half have dropped out of our speech. In the poems written a hundred years after the Conquest, say the rhymes on the Lord's Prayer, published by Dr. Morris, the proportion of words of weight, now obsolete, is one-fifth of the whole, much as it is in English prose of that date. In the poem of 1066 nearly fifty out of a hundred of these words are clean gone; in the poem of 1160 only twenty out of a hundred of these words cannot now be understood. I think it may be laid down that of all the poetic words employed by English Makers nearly one-third passed away within a hundred years of the Battle of Hastings.

Strange to say, the great change came, not from the imposition of a foreign yoke, but because the descendants of the French invaders made common cause with the people whom they had conquered. Latin had been used along with English for the business of government from the seventh century onwards; no new offence therefore was done to the English by continuing the same use after the Conquest. When, in the thirteenth century, French was introduced into the law courts along with Latin, which had reigned alone during the period between 1160 and 1215, the change had no sting for the English people, who knew that the higher classes "were doing their utmost for the common welfare of all" (p. 510). English poetry had long been virtually dead; but this struggle might well call it back to life. The Makers again arose, but their poems, "with one short exception, are couched in French and Latin." In truth, many causes were at work to make French the fashionable language, and to tempt Englishmen to interlard their old speech with French words. In many instances these new words were only Teutonic words in a new dress. Thus *weyrre* (war), *wise*, *weardum* (ward) came back as *guerre*, *guise*, and *garder*; and *astundian* and *blencan* (astound and blench) returned in the form of *estonner* and *flechir* (astonish and flinch). In these and some other like cases we have kept both sets of words, making each express a different shade of meaning; and thus far the language is the richer for the change. But the inroad of the new words had not the less a paralysing effect. It created not only a love of borrowing for the mere sake of novelty, but a distaste for words compounded with prepositions. The old inflexions had yielded, as we have seen, to other influences; and Mr. Oliphant well says that we need not sigh over them, not only because "the more part must have gone, sooner or later, even had Harold conquered at Hastings," but because, "owing to their departure, our speech is now the most easy and flexible in the whole world." It is otherwise with the power of compounding. The loss of this power, "the truest token of life in languages," is a serious disaster. "What a noble instrument of thought and speech is the Greek, where every shade of meaning can be expressed by simply prefixing a preposition to some root. Nothing can make amends for England's loss in this respect. We have now to borrow from the French or Latin brick-kiln instead of hewing stones from our own quarry." The barrier which severs the new state of things from the old is perhaps best furnished by the Handling Synne, translated from the French *Manuel des Pechés* by Robert of Brunne or Bourne, known also as Robert Manning. This work fixed the course of English speech from that time to our own; and we thus see the folly of laying the corruption of the language, so far as it is corrupted, to the charge of Chaucer. The like change was wrought for Italy at the same time. "Strange it is," remarks Mr. Oliphant, "that Dante should have been compiling his *Inferno*, which settled the course of

Italian literature for ever, in the selfsame years that Robert of Brunne was compiling the earliest pattern of well-formed New English." As compared with the prose of times earlier than the reign of Henry III., Manning's work belongs to the new, that is, to our own English; the stream of Old English ran on much in its ancient channel for well nigh three generations after the Norman Conquest; the period between the two is that of which, under the title of Middle English, Mr. Oliphant here gives the history. It is given with a fulness of knowledge which deserves all praise. The historian of the English language is aided in his task by a literature richer than that of any other Teutonic tongue. "In spite of the havoc wrought at the Reformation, no land in Europe can show such monuments of national speech for the 400 years after A.D. 680 as England boasts. And nowhere else can we so clearly mark the national speech slowly swinging round from the old to the new." Few, we may safely say, could tell the story of the change with greater power and clearness than Mr. Oliphant.

#### YOUTH ON THE PROW.\*

WE doubt whether it is any wiser to change heroines in the middle of a story than it is to "swap" horses in the middle of a stream; and yet it is a course that is becoming far too common in our novels. So complete is the change which Lady Wood makes in the tale before us that, unless we are greatly mistaken, the first heroine is not so much as mentioned in the last volume, while the second heroine is not even born till some way on in the second. The two ladies stand to each other almost in the position of god-mother and god-daughter, for the younger of the two, Miss Helena Vernon, was named after the elder, Miss Helena Pevensy. There is scarcely a corresponding change among the heroes; for though the hero of the opening, Sir Atheline Vernon, before long drinks himself to death, yet no one is found to supply his place. The second heroine has, indeed, a lover; but he is only brought in just at the end of the story. As she suddenly dies in the last page but one without marrying him, he is really a very insignificant person. He does, indeed, save her life when she is surprised on a rocky beach by the rising tide; but this feat has been performed so often that we look upon it with complete indifference. In this feeling the author would herself almost seem to share, as she does not reward the gentleman with the hand of the lady whom he had rescued. Why, by the way, do not our writers aim at a little variety in this rescue on the sea-shore? Every one must have had enough, and more than enough, of the little cove shut in on each side by headlands, the precipitous rocks in the background, and the rising tide. To be sure, the crests of Lady Wood's waves showed their teeth, very unlike any other crests of which we happen to have heard. Her hero, too, suffers from syncope, which is a good deal finer than fainting. He observes, moreover, at the most critical moment, that our weaknesses dodge us to the very threshold of eternity. But not even in all this do we get variety enough. If the heroine must be rescued from the waves, why should she not be introduced in the arms of a bathing-woman who had suddenly become a raving maniac, and who, instead of giving her, as usual, three dips, was steadily holding her head under water? The hero would have been passing in a Bath-chair, as, like the first hero of this novel, he still felt the effects of a severe wound he had received in the battle of Balaclava; or he might be some middle-aged nobleman suffering, as middle-aged noblemen too often do suffer, from an attack of the gout. By instinct or intuition he would grasp the whole state of affairs. In a moment, forgetful of wound or of gout, he would spring out of the Bath-chair, upsetting the chairman in his eagerness, and would dash down the beach into the waves. After a desperate struggle with the maniac, he would rescue the heroine, and bear her into her bathing-machine in triumph. He himself would faint—fall into a syncope, we mean—with pain and exhaustion, and, when he came to himself, would find the heroine administering to him the favourite beverage of Lady Wood's first hero, "brandy-and-soda." After this the heroine might be married or buried, just as the author thought best. The reader in either case would be more satisfied than he is at present; for he would have escaped the repetition of a scene which has become not a little wearisome.

Why Lady Wood has so completely put aside all the characters of her opening chapters it is quite impossible for us to guess. She had surely made ample provision for three long volumes. Miss Helena Pevensy was a young lady who "assimilated the instruction" that was given her "into the constitution of her mind." She was able in her studies to compare Gifford's Juvenal with the original. She improvised variations on the piano, ending in a movement of astonishing brilliancy. She could when playing chess with her lover, when he had a king and a castle left and she but a king and a pawn, make it a drawn game. And yet with all this learning and all these accomplishments she was still a woman. She was very beautiful. She walked like a queen. She was certainly at one time of her life fond of figs, from which we may infer that, with all her virtues and her accomplishments, she was not indifferent to that good eating and drinking for which modern heroines have so keen a relish. Her lover was a baronet, Sir

\* *Youth on the Prow*. A Novel. By Lady Wood, Author of "Rose-warn," "Sabrina," "On Credit," &c. 3 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1879.



Atheline Vernon by name. At school he had been considered very clever by those whom the author calls his compeers in the classes. He had besides what she calls a large income unentailed. In the days of his pristine beauty he could boast of a delicate skin, tender blue eyes, a mutable mouth, and faultless symmetry of figure. In a very few chapters the young people are engaged, and might have been married but for two trifling obstacles. In the first place the baronet was given to drink, and in the second place he was in love with another woman. He would, so infatuated he was, go to his club for "a brandy-and-soda," and drink it not because he wanted it, but from pure idleness. And yet, largely though he partook of this his favourite beverage, he was so ignorant of its nature that one day he called on the all-accomplished heroine "with a face flushed by the brandy which he had swallowed, thinking in his ignorance that the soda-water would obviate any ill effects of the potation." Such indiscretions and such ignorance as this could have but one end. The match was broken off, and later on we find the heroine thinking of her lost lover as "no doubt bleary-eyed, red-nosed, bloated." The picture that she thus raised before herself was, we fear, but too true a one. He ran through all his large unentailed income, and was reduced to so melancholy a state that he could not in the end find money enough to buy brandy. "He only craved for brandy, and he could only afford to buy gin; and that troubled him, poor gentleman!" as the woman with whom he lodged told the heroine. He had by this time run through two fortunes; for he had married Mrs. Fairlight, the lady with whom he had fallen in love at the time that he was engaged to Helena. She was the wife of a millionaire, and lived in very grand society. At a party at the Duchess of Doncaster's "there was," we read, "a gleam of diamonds, a rustle of satin, and, clinging to the arm of a Royal duke," Mrs. Fairlight passed. Charming and rich though she was, there was one obstacle to her happiness. Unfortunately her husband was alive. He, however, in his turn falls in love with some other woman in Paris, and gets shot in a duel. The baronet at once marries the widow, and runs through her fortune as well as his own.

Helena was not to be left for even a single page in that most disgraceful of all positions for an heroine—that of a jilted woman. A baronet cast her off one evening; a lord—a tall majestic man, with grey hair—proposed to her the following morning. "He admitted that his age and infirm health might militate against the success of his suit, but on his death he should be able to leave her a fortune which might be almost styled princely." He was at once accepted. Nearly one whole page is given to the many years of tranquil happiness that he enjoyed, and then he dies, leaving his widow all his vast wealth unencumbered by any restrictions. She spends her time to a great extent in literary occupations. She writes and publishes clever anonymous essays, and she regularly takes in the *Times*, *Telegraph*, *Daily News*, *Morning Post*, two country papers, the *Spectator*, *Saturday Review*, and the *Illustrated London News* and *Graphic*. She pays her butler seventy pounds a year wages. In all this there is nothing, we trust, at all inconsistent with the position of a heroine. And yet there was one trait in her character that we did not indeed discover till somewhat late in her career, which is anything but heroic. She was unusually exact and skilful in checking her butcher's bill. Heroes, as it has been before now pointed out, have from time immemorial been men of vast appetite. In Homer, as we remember, they ate what we used at school to translate as "continuous chimes of beef." Such being the case, it would be well no doubt for them to marry wives who, like Helena, could discover when two ounces of beef had been charged for above the amount noted as having been delivered. But a hero's wife and a heroine are often very different people, and we confess that we were at first not a little startled at finding a heroine so skilful an accountant and so familiar with butcher's meat. We were indeed prepared to agree with the sentiment of the unknown poet whom Lady Wood quotes:—

O happy those whose lucid brains  
Ne'er suffer arithmetic pains,  
But with a tranquil resolution  
Find the hard problem's quick solution.

Nevertheless we were, we confess, not a little consoled on finding that our first heroine was to retire from the scene in the midst of the story and give place to a second. What was our confusion and vexation when we discovered that the second heroine, the second Helena, was as clever at butcher's bills as even the first. At the age of fourteen she could detect the errors that a dishonest tradesman and a dishonest steward had made in the bills of an elderly peer. Her task was not an easy one. She found that the value of each article had to be calculated, such as two pounds six ounces of bacon at 1s. 2½d. per pound, over a space of two years and some months, and she had to perform all these calculations in the presence of the old peer who gazed at her delicate face, slightly flushed by her calculations. Had she been but two or three years older, the old peer, no doubt, would have proposed to her. As it was, the only immediate result of her calculations was to draw upon her the tradesman's malign glance. It may have been the case that the peer intended to marry her when she was old enough, for he put her under the care of a French governess. This lady's knowledge of her own language would seem to have been somewhat imperfect, for we find her saying, "It suits not that I stay with my lor' without my papil—no, never! Think of the *propriétaires*." She was speaking to a young doctor, for whom she had, as we are told, many a time cut with that two-

edged sword, the tongue, every Gordian knot of lingual difficulty which his weary brain sought to disentangle in his studies. It is a pity, for the reader's sake, that he did not use her to cut one more Gordian knot of lingual difficulty by getting her to explain the meaning of the *propriétaires*.

We cannot undertake to follow the second heroine in her career through life. However, she goes through a fair amount of adventures. She does not fall into the evil courses of her father, the drunken baronet, or of her mother, the lady who had at one time gleamed with diamonds, rustled with satin, and clung to the arm of a royal duke. This mother, indeed, great as had been her own errors, had tried to bring up her daughter well. She prodigalized (*sic*) on her caresses and love tokens. She loved to see her eat; but she carefully avoided giving her anything stronger than lemonade or coffee. The likeness to her father and his occasional intemperance made her refrain. The career of such a heroine, especially when her skill in checking the butcher's bills is taken into account, would have been interesting to follow throughout. But we must content ourselves with having shown her end. She ought no doubt to have married a curate, and had a large family of children. She would have proved as notable a woman as even the wife of the Vicar of Wakefield. She died early, however, as we have said, to the great joy, we may feel sure, of all the butchers of the neighbourhood in which she chanced to be living.

#### A REBELLION IN JAPAN.\*

NO important reforms in the life of a nation, however beneficent they may be in their ultimate results, can be effected without producing temporary inconvenience and loss to some members of the community. The introduction of railroads among ourselves inflicted serious injury for the time being on canal-owners and stage-coach proprietors; and these again, when they first started their enterprises, did so to the temporary detriment of carriers and posting-masters. But these and such other innovations as are common to settled States are as nothing compared with the complete overthrow in Japan of the results of the experience of thousands of years, and the adoption of a civilization which was unknown to its warmest advocates, even in name, five-and-twenty years ago. In proportion as these changes were sweeping, the sufferings were necessarily great of those who were either unable or unwilling to change the callings of their lives at the bidding of the Government.

Up to a certain point, however, the nation showed a remarkable unanimity in supporting the changes which were introduced. The fall of the last of the Shoguns, in 1868, was effected with very little opposition; and, in the following year, the resignation of the Daimies into the hands of the Mikado excited little, if any, adverse comment. So far the leading reformers and those whom self-interest had allied with them were able to go together hand in hand. But in all such unnatural alliances there must come a time when, if the party which is in earnest holds fast to its principles, the chaff will be separated from the wheat, and its former supporters will either drop behind or desert to the camp of the enemy. The resignation by the Daimios of their fiefs was not so much the act of these princes themselves as of a number of able and active subordinates into whose hands the direction of the affairs of the different principalities had fallen, while the Daimios, like their lord the Mikado, enjoyed ignoble ease in the privacy of their feudal castles. To these men the abolition of the rank above them seemed to open up a prospect of power, and they believed themselves strong enough to check all further reforms at the point which suited them best.

Eminent among these intriguers was Saigō, the lieutenant of the Daimio of Satsuma, who so recommended himself to the Government by the support he gave to its earlier reforms that he was appointed Councillor of State in the Imperial Cabinet, and subsequently commander-in-chief of the land forces. But the abolition of the Daimies was only the first step in the path upon which the reforming Ministers had entered in pursuit of their object—namely, the introduction of constitutional government; and the fusion of the military class, or Samurai, with the people was the next part of their programme. To accomplish this they proposed to introduce conscription for the army. The inevitable effect of this measure was plainly foreseen by Saigō and his party, who attempted to defeat the scheme by embroiling the country in a war with Corea. As Commander-in-Chief Saigō would naturally have had the command of any expedition sent against that kingdom; and he counted upon returning home, after a short and glorious campaign, with such prestige and material support as would enable him to dictate his own terms to the Tokio Government. But the peace party, at the head of which was Iwakura, who had lately returned from Europe, carried the day; and Saigō, reading in this result a condemnation of his views, retired to Satsuma. A memorial which at this time was presented to the throne by the ex-Daimio of Satsuma points out categorically the main causes of complaint which Saigō and those who agreed with him had against the Mikado. The most noticeable articles of the indictment were the substitution of foreign dress for the old ceremonial Court costume of the sovereign; the use of the solar calendar; the adoption of foreign dress in the State departments; the engagement of foreigners for the service of the State and the

\* *The Satsuma Rebellion: an Episode of Modern Japanese History.* By Augustus H. Mounsey. London: John Murray. 1879.

adoption of their ideas; the adoption of foreign rules and models in schools; the excessive strictness of the regulations in Tokio; the adoption of foreign drill; the non-prohibition of the extension of evil doctrines (Christianity), and the permission to intermarry with foreigners. In other words, they saw that, in proportion as the influence of foreigners increased, their hopes of re-instating the Sumarai in their old position of power were doomed to disappointment. The struggle was, in fact, between the new and the old order of things, and the determined hostility offered by Saigô and his adherents to every move of the progressive party daily made the breach wider, and rendered it more and more imperatively necessary for the Government to complete the contemplated reforms as speedily as possible.

With discontent rapidly growing among the military classes, it was plainly impolitic to allow them to wear their swords as formerly, and in 1876 an order was consequently issued forbidding the practice. On both sides this was felt to be equivalent to throwing down the glove, and the Samurais responded to the challenge by taking up arms in different parts of the country. But the risings lacked cohesion, and, being taken in detail by the Imperial troops, were easily crushed. Saigô recognized this mistake, and seeing that all hope of agreement with the Government was at an end, determined to prepare a force at his leisure which should be able to meet any army which the Mikado might send against it. With this intention he established "private schools" at different towns in the province, at which the "students" were trained in the native system of military tactics, supplemented by information picked up by a few of their number in Paris and Berlin. The deliberation with which Saigô made his preparations, while no doubt adding to their completeness, rendered them futile by enabling the Government, with its vastly superior resources at hand, to make ample preparation for the outbreak whenever it should occur. From 1873, when he retired from Tokio, to 1877, when the rebellion broke out, he was perfecting his military system, in oblivion apparently of the fact that for every "student" he enrolled, the Government recruited five or more men for the ranks of its army, and that every day added ships and stores of guns and ammunition to the Imperial ports and arsenals. At length the storm which had been so long brewing burst forth. As a precautionary measure the Government ordered the removal of the stores from the Imperial depôts at Kagoshima, the port of Satsuma. The distrust implied by this measure was the spark which lit the flame. The "students" broke into the depôts and possessed themselves of their contents.

While old Japan was thus asserting itself in the southern province of Satsuma, new Japan in diplomatic uniform and patent leather boots was feasting at Kiôtô in preparation for the opening of the railway recently constructed between that city and Osaka. The news of the disturbance was at once telegraphed to the Mikado in the ancient capital of his dynasty. But the ill-omened intelligence was not allowed to mar the ceremony of the morrow, and it was not until the Mikado had declared the line open that his Ministers sat to consider what steps should be taken to suppress the threatened danger. To all thoughtful observers it had long been manifest that sooner or later there must be a fight for the mastery between the Government and the malcontents. Not only were the military classes bitterly hostile to the policy of the Government, but the pressure of taxation was beginning to arouse dissatisfaction among the people. Mr. Mounsey overlooks this latter circumstance, though it exercised a powerful influence on the events which followed, since it was owing to this that the rebels were subsequently able to move from place to place, secure of gaining the supplies and information they needed.

It was probably with but a faint expectation of success that the Government sent Admiral Kawamura with propositions of peace to the "students." Like most first open acts of rebellion, the attack on the arsenal was wholly unpremeditated; but it had stirred the blood of the Samurais, and had removed their grievances beyond the domain of diplomatic action. Though vastly inferior in numbers and deficient in supplies, the "students" instantly demanded of Saigô to be led against the Mikado's troops, who were now rapidly assembling. There was no question as to who was to be their leader. Saigô possessed their hearts. He was one of those men who seem born to inspire those around them with fanatical affection and admiration. In stature he stood head and shoulders higher than most of his countrymen. "Morally he had the reputation of being surpassingly intrepid and courageous; he was calm, resolute, and generous at the same time, as well as sincere and true in his friendships." His tastes and mode of life were of the simplest kind. He was a keen sportsman, and was more at home on the hill-side or on the river-bank than among clerks and officials. His burning enthusiasm and strong convictions marked him out as a leader of men, and that rather among the wild, hot-headed Samurais than among the politicians of Yêdo. For years he had been gravitating towards the position he was now called upon to assume, and both in the eyes of himself and of his followers he was but occupying his natural post when he marched out of Kagoshima at the head of the rebel army.

The power of choosing their own time for opening the campaign which naturally belongs to rebels must always be an advantage, and on this occasion it enabled Saigô to gain a slight success before Kumanoto. But before he had time to get through the mountain passes in the province of Higo, the Imperialists had taken the field in force, and were able to meet his troops with superior numbers. From that time the tide set steadily against the rebels. Slowly, step by step, they were driven south-

wards through the province of Hiuga to Satsuma. With fierce tenacity they held every vantage-ground until driven out at the point of the bayonet. With desperate valour they resisted the onslaughts of the regulars, and when courage failed to win success, they resorted to stratagems, which, however, only added to their losses. As the Imperialists advanced, numbers of them fell to the ground feigning death, in order to rise and take their enemies in rear; they rolled armed men down the hills in barrels into the ranks of their opponents whom it was intended to disconcert by this novel mode of attack; and they planted pointed bamboos and sharp nails in the ground to protect their positions. There would have been some sense in this last device if they had known, as was the case, that the European boots worn by the Imperialists proved such an encumbrance on the march that many threw them off, preferring to walk and fight with naked feet, or wearing native sandals.

The command possessed by the Government of the sea enabled it to seize Kagoshima, which had been almost deserted by Saigô on his advance northwards, and thus to take the rebels in rear. Their position was now well nigh desperate. Death and desertion were daily thinning their ranks, and by the beginning of August Saigô, who at different times had commanded in the field between thirty and forty thousand men, found his numbers reduced to little over two hundred. With this small band he determined to make an attempt to recover Kagoshima, which had been now almost denuded of troops, and a momentary success attended the desperate venture. But, finding himself in danger of being surrounded by the Imperialists, he fled with his remaining followers, whose numbers had risen with the passing gleam of good fortune to five hundred, to a fortified hill in the neighbourhood of the town. These men were all devoted to the patriotic cause represented by their chief, and were prepared to die rather than surrender themselves into the hands of men who had, in their eyes, ceased to be Japanese in all but name. With sullen despair they retreated to the inmost recesses of the mountain, while the Imperialists leisurely surrounded their position with trenches manned by fifteen thousand troops. At last the order for the attack was given. But it is no light thing to beard five hundred desperate men driven to bay, and no precaution was left untaken to secure the success of the assault. A plunging shower of shot and shell warned the rebels that the crisis of their fate was come, and under a cloud of smoke the two unequal forces met hand to hand. More than half the rebels were killed on the spot, and of the two hundred and ten who were taken prisoners few were unwounded. Saigô was disabled by a bullet early in the fight, and to save him from the disgrace of falling into the hands of the enemy, one of his lieutenants "performed what Samurais consider a friendly office. With one blow of his keen, heavy sword, he severed his chief's head from his shoulders. This done he handed the head to one of Saigô's servants for concealment, and committed suicide." But the man in his haste only imperfectly performed the duty with which he was entrusted, and while on the following day the troops were burying the slain, a head, which was recognized as Saigô's by the Imperialist General, who in happier days had been a firm friend of the rebel leader, was found in a neighbouring ditch. Quite lately reports have been afloat that Saigô escaped on that fatal day, and that he is still alive in concealment; but a truer instinct has led thousands of pilgrims to worship the departed spirit of the popular hero at his tomb on the mountain-side.

With the death of Saigô the rebellion of which he had been the promoter and leader ceased to exist, never, in all probability, to be revived. Public men in Japan of all shades of opinion are now so far committed to the new constitution that any attempt to revert to the old order of things must be made, not only without the support of any responsible politician, but in direct opposition to all leaders of opinion. The history, therefore, of the last attempt of the military classes to recover the power which they have now lost for ever was worth preserving, and Mr. Mounsey has recounted the main features of the rebellion with clearness and accuracy. We could have wished that he had enlarged more than he has done on the collateral circumstances attending the rising, and thus had added colour to the background of his picture. By so doing he would have rendered his work not only more complete, but more generally interesting.

#### GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE history of Dr. W. Heyd's valuable work on the commerce of the Levant in the middle ages (1) is a curious one. It originally appeared as a series of essays, treating solely of the Levantine commerce of Italy, in the Tübingen *Zeitschrift für die gesammte Staatswissenschaft*. These essays attracted so much attention as to be translated into Italian and published in a separate volume, inasmuch that the author's text was for some time only accessible in a foreign language. It was but natural that the work should be republished in his own country; but in preparing it for circulation at home he has been led to re-write it and transform it from a simple account of the commercial relations of the Italians with the Levantine regions in the middle ages into a general history of all the commerce of the Levant from the accession of Justinian until the fall of Constantinople. The former recension was comprised within a single handy volume;

(1) *Geschichte des Levantenhandels im Mittelalter*. Von Dr. W. Heyd. Bd. 1. Stuttgart: Cotta. London: Williams & Norgate.



two very substantial ones, the first only of which is as yet published, will be required to do justice to the undertaking on its present scale. It may be questioned whether the extension is an unmixed benefit; it has certainly had the effect of converting a sketch well suited for general reading into a treatise which will be mainly consulted as a book of reference. It is impossible, however, to speak too highly of the author's industry, or of the interest and curiosity of the particulars which he has amassed from all quarters. In addition to the general historical narrative, the work when complete will contain a full account of the practice of navigation, of the principal trade routes by land and sea, of legal regulations and commercial treaties, of duties and tolls, of the chief productions of the East both in the shape of raw material and of manufactured goods, and of their diffusion throughout Europe. After a condensed review of the period from Justinian to the Crusades, the first volume is mainly occupied with the relations of the States founded by the Crusaders and the Italian Republics to the Turkish sultans and Saracen emirs, as well as to the Byzantine Empire, and with an account of the factories and mercantile colonies founded by them, especially in Egypt, the highway of Indian traffic. No possible source of information seems to have been neglected; and numismatical science, in particular, has been largely drawn upon.

Charlotte von Kalb (2) had the distinction of being beloved, or at least warmly esteemed, by two great writers, and the misfortune of being but indifferently treated by them both. At all events it is certain that her relations with them gave her but little satisfaction. Jean Paul introduced her as "Linda" into his *Titan* in a not very complimentary fashion; but it is perhaps uncertain how far the heart of either had really been interested. Schiller, however, had undoubtedly been warmly attached to her; and the problem of the innocence of their relations (for Charlotte was a married woman) might have afforded much matter for controversy to those who delight in such investigations, but for the destruction of the letters that had passed between them. This judicious step, however, has left the subject enveloped in such a cloud of obscurity that it is by no means easy to ascertain why Herr von Pallese should consider Charlotte so wronged by anything that anybody has done or said that it should be necessary to publish her autobiography on that ground alone, without reference to the literary merits of the work. The only points which appear quite established are that she highly disapproved of Schiller's marriage, that he thereupon treated her with much coldness, and that her relations with her husband, who neglected her and wasted her fortune in speculations, were such as to render any real friendship very precious to her. Little, however, as the memoirs may contribute towards an explanation of Charlotte's relations with Schiller, they are by no means devoid of interest. Too disjointed, and too full of chasms and reticences, to fulfil the purpose of an autobiography, they convey a faithful, if not very vivid, picture of the days when sentimentalism reigned in Germany, genuine in feeling, if occasionally strained and affected in expression, and refreshing by contrast with these days of exclusive cultivation of material interests, accompanied with general discontent. Striking incidents and sketches of remarkable personages occur occasionally, but lose much of their force from indirectness and vagueness of narration. The most remarkable exception is a description of Goethe standing in the recess of a window, and showing how sand strewn on a sheet of glass arranges itself in geometrical figures when the glass vibrates to a musical note. The scene would make an excellent subject for a picture.

If Dr. Klee's estimate of Prince Bismarck's (3) policy has any claim to the character of an official manifesto, Prussian Liberals will have no choice but to go into uncompromising opposition. According to Dr. Klee, Prince Bismarck's mission is simply to restore the middle ages; even, as it should seem, down to the trade guilds. Modern ideas, and the institutions which they have created, are to be utterly extirpated by him; and, in fact, the code of the future is to be a secular syllabus, with an excommunication of Free-trade superadded. Not until he has reached the last page of his book does it occur to Dr. Klee that the Prince is not immortal, and that Germany is not surrounded by a Chinese wall. For so very rampant a fanatic he seems to have a remarkably shrewd estimate of the tendencies of political parties, which are coaxed or denounced accordingly as they seem likely to be brought under Prince Bismarck's leadership or otherwise. We are disposed to think that he knows very well that he is talking nonsense; but that it is considered advisable to ascertain how much nonsense the German people are in the humour to tolerate.

It is generally known that Ferdinand Lassalle (4), the founder of modern German Socialism, fell in a duel on account of a lady. It was also generally supposed that this encounter was a pure act of wilful folly on his part, and this impression is fully confirmed by the account which the lady in question has at length vouchsafed of the transaction. She has the awkward fact to get over that, while now professing to have entertained the utmost devotion for Lassalle up to his death, she was all the while betrothed to the man who shot him, and whom she married shortly after-

wards; and she does not improve matters by the hysterical heroics with which she strives to gloss over her conduct. The only excuse to be made for her is one which she would probably resent—namely, that Lassalle cared no more for her than she did for him. Such was obviously the case; and we have rarely met with a richer piece of unconscious comedy than the scene in which she represents herself as hastening to Lassalle in the full expectation of being carried off to France, and describes his sensible but extremely prosaic behaviour.

The new volume of the *Encyclopædia of Natural Science*, edited by Professor Jäger (5), is occupied by an arithmetic and algebra, by Dr. F. Reicht, of merely technical interest.

The fifth part of the historical series edited by W. Oncken (6) consists of the first portion of a popular history of ancient Greece and Rome by W. Hertzberg, whose name is a sufficient guarantee for the satisfactory execution of the work. It comes down to about 500 B.C., and is appropriately illustrated with engravings after ancient works of art.

In a former work Professor Frohschammer (7) deduced the universe from the imagination. His present volume is designed to obviate some of the misconceptions to which so quaint a theory was naturally liable, but is chiefly remarkable for an analysis of the theories, whether proceeding from metaphysicians or men of science, which have sought for the origin of things in monads or centres of physical force.

"The Bible and Nature" (8), by Dr. H. Reusch, is an apologetic work of the class already so numerous represented, but advantageously distinguished by thoughtfulness, erudition, and general fairness.

"Isaiah and Jeremiah" (9), by F. Köstlin, is an excellent analysis of the writings of those prophets, explaining the occasion and the scope of such of their prophecies as were immediately called forth by the political circumstances of their times. Isaiah is represented as the Hebrew Tyrtæus, full of confidence and enthusiasm; while Jeremiah, no less patriotic, is compelled by the misfortunes of his day to adopt an elegiac tone. The second Isaiah, the prophet of the restoration under Cyrus, is excluded by the plan of the book. The theory which makes Jeremiah the author of Deuteronomy is discussed, and the question determined in the negative.

The first volume of J. G. Cuno's "Primitive History of Rome" (10) is entirely devoted to the investigation of the Celtic element in the population of Italy, and the establishment of the author's theory that the Celts were not intruders in historical times, but constituted the ethnological basis of the Latin State. Such a conclusion can only be established by philological arguments; the greater part of the volume is consequently devoted to a comparison of Latin words and proper names with the corresponding terms in the Celtic languages. To make his hypothesis good, the writer is obliged to grapple with the Etruscan problem, and consequently maintains the affinity of the Etruscan language with the Celtic. Some of the analogies produced are certainly curious, but a purely philological argument necessarily overlooks such difficulties as the obvious unacquaintance of ancient writers with any connexion between the Etruscans and their Gallic neighbours, and the incapacity of Celtic tribes to attain of themselves to any political and social organization so perfect as the Etruscan. The work is notwithstanding an interesting contribution to philology, and a highly creditable example of the application of patient and industrious research to an ethnological problem.

In a very interesting essay on Lucian and the Cynics Jacob Bernays (11) undertakes the rehabilitation of the Cynic suicide Peregrinus Proteus, represented by Lucian as a charlatan who voluntarily underwent death out of insane vanity. The question to be determined is whether Lucian's violent antipathy to Peregrinus was grounded upon personal acquaintance, or whether he has designedly blackened his character out of antipathy to his principles. Herr Bernays contends that the Cynics, in their relation to the existing order of society, occupied nearly the same ground as the early Christians, and provoked the animosity of the conservative Lucian on similar grounds. To establish this he has to get over the fact that Lucian's favourite philosophical character, his *alter ego*, is the Cynic Menippus, and that one of his most careful and earnest writings is an encomiastic biography of the Cynic, or at least semi-Cynic, philosopher Demonax. The former difficulty Herr Bernays seeks to remove by maintaining that Menippus is merely introduced into Lucian's dialogues for the sake of dramatic propriety; the latter by casting doubt on the authenticity of the book. Both points—the latter especially—require a much fuller elucidation than he has hitherto bestowed upon them.

(5) *Encyklopädie der Naturwissenschaften*. Herausgegeben von Professor Dr. G. Jäger, &c. Abth. 1. Lief. 2. Breslau: Trevendt. London: Nutt.

(6) *Allgemeine Geschichte in Einzeldarstellungen*. Herausgegeben von W. Oncken. Th. 5. Geschichte von Hellas und Rom von W. Hertzberg. Bd. 1. Berlin: Grote. London: Kolkemann.

(7) *Monaden und Weltphantasie*. Von J. Frohschammer. München: Ackermann. London: Nutt.

(8) *Bibel und Natur. Vorlesungen über die mosaische Urgeschichte*. Von Dr. F. H. Reusch. Bonn: Weber. London: Dulau.

(9) *Isaia und Jeremia. Ihr Leben und Wirken aus ihren Schriften*. Dargestellt von F. Köstlin. Berlin: Reimer. London: Williams & Norgate.

(10) *Vorgeschichte Roms*. Von J. G. Cuno. Th. 1. Die Kelten. Leipzig: Teubner. London: Williams & Norgate.

(11) *Lucian und die Kyniker*. Von Jacob Bernays. Berlin: Hertz. London: Williams & Norgate.

(2) *Charlotte. Gedenkblätter von Charlotte von Kalb*. Herausgegeben von Emil Pallese. Stuttgart: Krabbe. London: Williams & Norgate.

(3) *Fürst Bismarck und unsere Zeit*. Von Dr. H. Klee. Berlin: Duncker. London: Nutt.

(4) *Meine Beziehungen zu Ferdinand Lassalle*. Von Helene von Racowitza. Breslau: Schottländer. London: Kolkemann.

The essay, however, conveys a lively picture of some of the intellectual phenomena of the second century, and includes a spirited translation of the Peregrinus.

A pamphlet against Socialism, by E. Fries (12), invokes the authority of Malthus, and points out forcibly how the tendency of an equal distribution of wealth, supposing such a thing practicable, must be, by encouraging the growth of population, to increase the pressure upon the means of subsistence, until at length the entire energies of man would be expended in providing for his daily wants. The writer's argument would have lost none of its force if he had treated his antagonists with ordinary civility.

The second volume of Karl Witte's collection of miscellaneous essays relating to Dante (13) is as full as its predecessor of points of interest. The most really important are perhaps the portrait of Dante, attributed to Masaccio, the plan of Florence as it existed in the poet's time, and the review of Scartazzini's jubilee edition, which failed to fully justify the anticipations formed of it. There are also an investigation of Dante's allusions to Gemma Donati, an inquiry into the scale of gravity by which he estimates the heinousness of particular sins, and a curious collection of the sonnets and canzoni attributed to him on the authority of various MSS., few, if any, of which can really be his. Dante's birthday, not hitherto ascertained, is conjecturally referred to May 30, 1265. The identification rests in the first instance on the correction of an evidently erroneous statement of the number of the days of his life given in some MSS. The date thus established is found to coincide with the festal festival of Lucia de' Ubaldini, a Florentine saint, to whom Dante appears to refer as a patron in several passages of the *Divine Comedy*.

Herr Vögelin's edition of the *Cid* (14), in Spanish, French, and German, owes its origin to a discovery made some years ago by R. Köhler. Herder's famous version, long esteemed one of the chief ornaments of German poetry, suffered by the publication of the original Spanish text. Not only was the version naturally inferior to the original, but some of the variations seemed quite unaccountable, and wholly unworthy of Herder's taste and judgment. Köhler cleared up the mystery by proving that for the greater portion of his work Herder had had no access to the Spanish text, but had made his translation from a French prose version. This discovery, while destroying the pretensions of his production to be regarded as a representative of Spanish romance, vindicated, and indeed exalted, his own literary character by showing how much he had effected with such indifferent materials. Herr Vögelin completes the work by printing in parallel columns the original Spanish, a literal German rendering, the anonymous French prose translation in the *Bibliothèque des Romans*, from which Herder's version was made, and the text of the latter itself.

Luca Signorelli, the great painter of Cortona, is the subject of a very full, almost too full, monograph by R. Vischer (15). After eighty-two pages of prolegomena, describing the district in which he wrought and the predecessors who may be supposed to have influenced his style, we arrive at last at the biography of the artist, which is followed by an essay upon his art in its relation to the spirit of the Renaissance in general, a particular account of his grand fresco of the "Last Judgment" at Orvieto, and a dissertation on the precise meaning of the *terribilità* ascribed to him by Vasari. The second part contains a detailed description of his separate works, an enumeration of the artists with whom he may have had any sort of connexion, and the original text of the documents and contemporary notices relating to him. Herr Vischer has certainly spared no labour in the execution of his task, and his labour has not been ill bestowed in the case of one of the most individual and fanciful painters and one of the most strongly marked characters among the pre-Raphaelite artists of Italy.

"The House of Hillel," by Max Ring (16), is a romance of the period of the fall of Jerusalem, which is apparently indebted for much of its local colouring to the recent researches of Semitic and Talmudical scholars. It is well constructed and well told, but has too much the air of a merely mechanical production.

A popular edition of Karl Gutzkow's works (17) will be generally acceptable. The first volume contains the autobiography of the writer's youth, entertaining, but too minute and diffuse, and a number of his miscellaneous poems, which seldom deserve a higher praise than that of facility and cleverness.

The *Rundschau* (18) contains only one very valuable paper, but it is exceedingly good. In an article on the municipal life of Italy under the Roman Empire, L. Friedländer sketches the various organized arrangements made for the common weal, such as the supply of food and water, systems of public education, and charitable institutions and foundations, all much more highly developed than has been generally admitted until now. There is

also a full account of the municipal administration with its originally elective magistracy, and of the causes which ultimately destroyed local independence, and substituted a centralized despotism in its stead. There is little else to remark upon in the number, except the continuation of F. Dingelstedt's history of his originally promising, but finally disastrous, career as manager of the Court Theatre at Munich; and a cycle of Roman sonnets by Paul Heyse, perfect in point of form, but not always poetical in substance.

More than half of the *Russian Review* (19) is occupied by Professor Brückner's narrative of Peter the Great's famous travels in Europe, which is now finally concluded. The most interesting part relates to the Czar's visit to England, and contains an abstract of the remarkable memoir on the government of his empire addressed to him by Dr. Francis Lee, which is thought not to have been devoid of influence on some of his subsequent reforms. The account of his entertainment at Vienna, and the descriptions of him given by some of the foreign ambassadors at that Court, are also remarkable. The most important of the other contributions is a statistical view of the trade of Russia with Asia in 1877. It exhibits a considerable falling off, owing to the Turkish war.

(19) *Russische Revue. Monatschrift für die Kunde Russlands.* Herausgegeben von C. Röttger. Jahrg. 8. Hft. 3. St. Petersburg: Schmitzdorff. London: Siegle.

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(17) *Karl Gutzkow's Gesammelte Werke.* Serie 1. Bd. 1. Jena: Costenoble. London: Kolckmann.

(18) *Deutsche Rundschau.* Herausgegeben von Julius Rodenberg. Bd. 5. Hft. 8. Berlin: Paetel. London: Trübner & Co.



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No. & ALDGAZE.	Ground Rent, per annum.
32 POULTRY	£144
33 POULTRY	725
34, 35 POULTRY	675
36, 37 POULTRY	1250
115 NEWGATE STREET	1165
116 NEWGATE STREET	220
117 NEWGATE STREET	219
117, 216 UPPER THAMES STREET	219
25, 26, LINE STREET	220
30 GREAT TOWER STREET, and 10 LITTLE TOWER STREET	500 10s.

Particulars and Plans of the Premises may be had at this Office, together with the Conditions of Sale.

Tenders must be sealed, be endorsed outside "Tender for Freehold Ground Rent, No. 14 Aldgate," &c., stating the place, as the case may be, and be addressed to the undersigned at this Office, and must be delivered before Twelve o'clock on the said day of treaty.

The Commissioners do not bind themselves to accept the highest or any Tender.

Parties sending in proposals must attend personally, or by a duly authorized agent at Half-past Twelve o'clock, on the said day, and be then prepared (if their Tender be accepted) to pay the required deposit of £10 per cent. on the purchase money, and to execute an Agreement for the completion of the purchase, agreeably to the Conditions of Sale.

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April 24, 1879. HENRY BLAKE, Principal Clerk.

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Established 1825.

ANNUAL REPORT 1878.

The Fifty-third Annual General Meeting of the Company was held at Edinburgh on Tuesday, April 22, 1879, Henry Davidson, Esq., Muirhouse, in the Chair, when the following results were communicated:

Amount proposed for assurance during the year 1878 (2,317 proposals) ..	£1,322,031	0	10
Amount of assurances accepted during the year 1878 (1,816 policies) ....	1,111,065	3	4
Annual premiums on New Policies during the year 1878 .....	38,476	11	5
Claims by death during the year 1878, exclusive of bonus additions .....	432,897	13	8
Amount of assurances accepted during the last five years .....	6,229,234	10	7
Subsisting assurances at 15th November, 1878 (of which £1,200,131, 13s. 9d. is re-assured with other offices) .....	19,065,132	1	1

Revenue upwards of £200,000 sterling per annum.  
Accumulated Funds upwards of Five Millions and a Quarter sterling.  
The Report, Tables of Rates, and all further information can be obtained on application.  
Colonial and Foreign Assurances.—Assurances granted on the lives of persons proceeding abroad. Branch Offices and Agencies in India and all the British Colonies.

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DUBLIN.—66 UPPER SACKVILLE STREET.

LAW LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY, FLEET STREET, LONDON.

Assets on December 31, 1878 .....	£5,515,750
Income for the year 1878 .....	486,479
Amount paid in claims to December 31 last .....	11,558,456
Aggregate Reversionary Bonuses hitherto allotted .....	5,523,138

The expenses of Management (including Commission) are under 4½ per cent. on the Annual Income.  
Attention is specially directed to the revised Prospectus of the Society; to the new rates of premium, which are materially lower for young lives than heretofore; to the new conditions as to extended limits of free travel and residence; and to the reduced rates of extra premium.  
Loans are granted on security of Life Interests and reversions in connexion with Policies of Assurance.  
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For shorter periods Deposits will be received on terms to be agreed upon.

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Sales and Purchases effected in British and Foreign Securities, in East India Stock and Loans, and the safe custody of the same undertaken.  
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Every other description of Banking business and Money Agency, British and Indian, transacted.

J. THOMSON, Chairman.

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Established 1837.

Paid-up Capital .....	£1,487,500
Reserve Fund .....	765,500

LETTERS OF CREDIT, and BILLS on DEMAND or at Thirty Days' Sight, are granted on the Bank's Branches throughout Australia and New Zealand.  
BILLS on the COLONIES are negotiated and sent for collection.  
DEPOSITS are received at notice, and for fixed periods, on terms which may be ascertained on application.  
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SUBMARINE CABLES TRUST.—CERTIFICATE.

HOLDERS who have not yet communicated their Names, Addresses, and Particulars of their Holdings to the Secretary are requested to do so forthwith, in order that the Trustees may apply to the Court for authority to pay the overdue Coupon. More than two-thirds of the Certificate-holders have agreed to accept Shares in the New Limited Liability Company in exchange for their Certificates.  
By Order, LEWIS WELLS, Secretary.

66 Old Broad Street, May 9, 1879.

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of the Sale of Minton's Surplus Stock, Messrs. MORTLOCK beg to intimate that during May (while the rebuilding is in progress) they will offer CHINA DINNER, BREAKFAST, and DESERT SETS at HALF-PRICE; also a quantity of large Majolica Vases and Jardinières, suitable for the hall, staircase, and conservatory. 10 per cent. Cash discount.—THE OLD POTTERY GALLERIES, 202, 203, 204 Oxford Street; 30, 31, and 32 Orchard Street, Portman Square, W.

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celebrated Sauce are particularly requested to observe that each Bottle, prepared by E. LAZENBY & SON, bears the Label used so many years, signed "Elizabeth Lazenby."

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Amount already Subscribed, £544,060.

Amount paid up, £398,665.

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Major-General PATRICK MAXWELL, Westmont, Ryde, I.W.  
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T. SELBY TANCRED, Esq., Sheep Farmer, New Zealand; 6 Inverness Terrace, Hyde Park.  
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Auditors.—Messrs. DELOITTE, DEVER, GRIFFITHS, & CO.

Secretary.—JOHN SCOTT CAVELL, Esq.

REGISTERED OFFICE.—110 CANNON STREET.

The Directors offer for Sale the balance of the Shares—£1 on Application and £4 one month after Allotment. Applications will be dealt with in the order of their receipt.  
Calls not to exceed £2 10s. each per Share, or to be made at less intervals than three months, one month's notice being given. It is not expected that so much as £10 per Share will be called up, but Applicants desiring to pay up in full may do so, with the consent of the Directors, and interest at the rate of 4½ per cent. per annum will be allowed on the amounts paid in advance of calls.

Below will be found a condensed Report of the First Statutory Meeting, and a copy of the reports therein referred to.  
Forms of Application for Shares, and the Prospectus and copies of Maps and Reports and Valuations of the Properties, and full Report of the Statutory Meeting, can be obtained on application personally, or by post to the SECRETARY, 110 Cannon Street.

CONDENSED REPORT

Of the First Statutory Meeting of Shareholders, held at the City Terminus Hotel, on May 2, 1879, under the Presidency of Sir JULIUS VOGEL, K.C.M.G.

The Chairman said the Directors are glad of this opportunity of meeting their Shareholders at the First Statutory Meeting of the Company, which is required to be held in accordance with the provisions of the Companies' Act, within four months of the date of the Company being registered. It will be remembered that an attack was made upon the Company through a newspaper published in this City, with reference to the Directors not being sufficiently assured of the titles of the properties and to the mischief which might be caused by rabbits as affecting seriously the value of the property. The Directors had no doubt themselves as to the correctness of the titles, and as to the value, they had in various ways assured themselves that they were buying the estates on favourable terms. The whole property had been officially valued by Messrs. BASTINGS & FRANKS, and the price of the property was paid for it as set forth in their Report. Nevertheless, in the face of the attacks which had been made, the Directors thought it desirable that before sealing the Agreement with the vendors they should place the question of the titles and the rabbits upon such a footing as would be satisfactory to the Shareholders, and gain the confidence of the public. With this view, therefore, an arrangement was entered into with the vendors whereby it was stipulated that the deposit of £40,000 should be deposited in the names of Mr. LARNACH and myself, in some bank or banks, until the title to the property should be deduced and conveyances executed. It was further arranged that some competent independent person, to be appointed by the Board, should be employed to inspect and report upon the value of the properties, and that in case he should report that in his opinion the price fixed by the agreement exceeded the value of the properties as on the 2nd November last, the terms of the sale should be amended to the satisfaction of the Directors. This arrangement having been come to, the Shares were allotted and the Agreement duly executed. The deposit has been made and the Secretary of the Company holds the deposit receipts. It then became necessary for the Board to select some gentlemen to be employed to value the property on behalf of the Company, and I may observe the selection was made by those of the Directors who had not been connected with the vendors. The gentleman selected was the Honourable Robert Campbell, Junior, who carries on one of the largest sheep farming businesses in New Zealand. We are glad to say that the Solicitors here of the Company have received from the Solicitors in the Colony a telegram stating that the vendors' titles are satisfactory, so that any anxiety on that account is at an end.

We have not yet received accounts of the wool which, on behalf of the Company, the vendors have sheared, and have to account for, nor have we returns of the harvest. We are, however, in possession of information which leaves no doubt that we shall be able to declare a satisfactory dividend within the next few months.

Copy of Report received by Telegraph Cable.  
From the Hon. ROBERT CAMPBELL, Jun.

"Personally inspected properties. Price charged to Company cheap. No injury likely to accrue from rabbits. If these ever a pest, vendors have entirely eradicated them, as I did not see a dozen. Country: turkeys and other crops looking splendid."

Copy of Report received by Telegraph Cable.  
From the Hon. W. H. REYNOLDS and Mr. STRODE.

"Personally inspected properties. Conclusion price moderate. Company successful under good management. Rabbits no detriment. Reports false. Only saw seven during five days' inspection."

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